SR's Nineteenth Annual Advertising Awards

Saturday Review

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by Stuart Little

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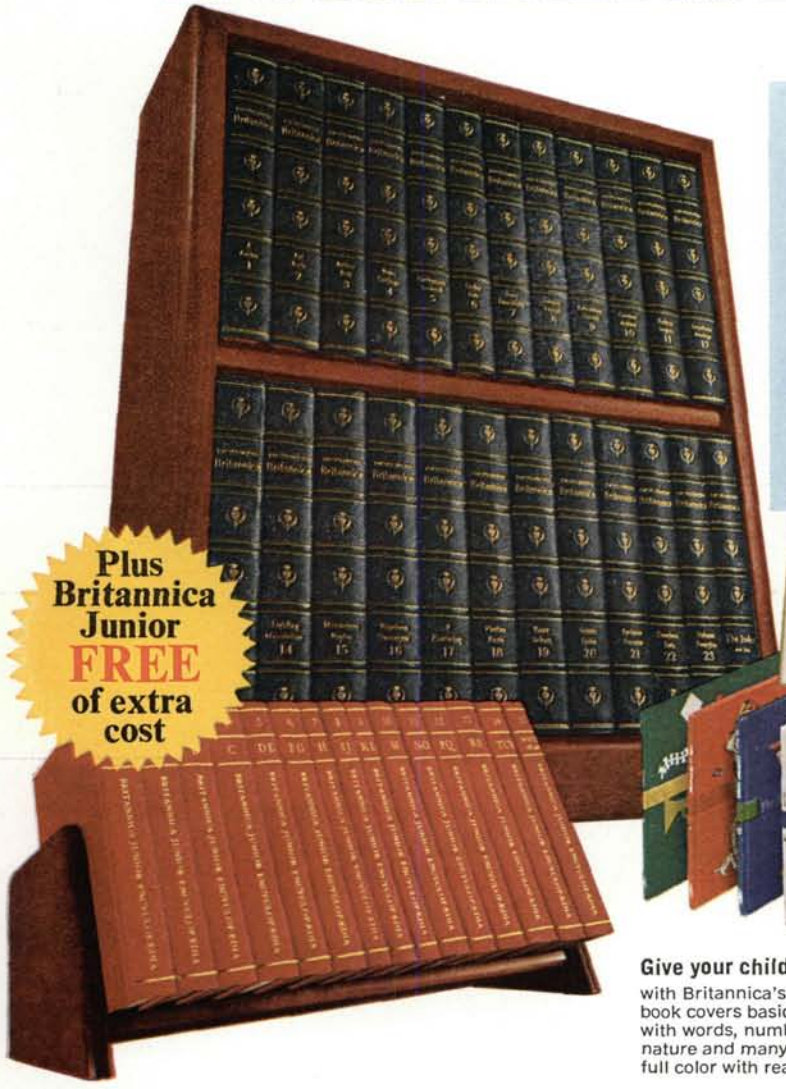

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April 10, 1971

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by Barnard Law Collier

Cover: Bob Cato

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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

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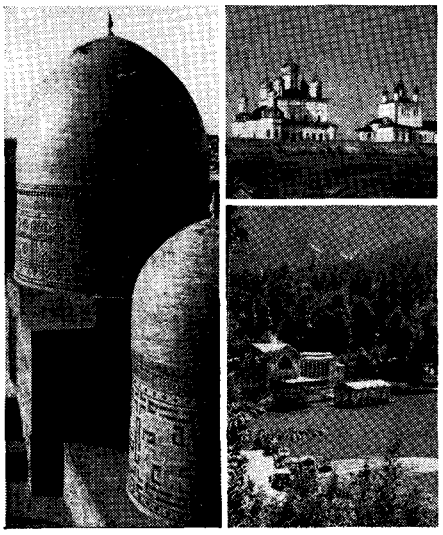

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

It was a very religious week. Even our Instructions of the Week were religious. They came from Miss Mary Jane Ware of Kirkland, Washington, who found them printed on a plastic wrapping for a gift from Japan:

WARNING
To Avoid Danger of Suffocation Keep Away From Babies and Children. Do Not Use In Cribs, Beds, Carriages or Pray Pens.

For, we suppose, all those games people pray. Elsewhere on the religious front, Jeannette Stevenson, associate editor of the University Press of Kentucky, located the following in the Lexington *Herald*:

Local organizers of the Billy Graham Crusade will open an office Monday at 1076 Eastland Shopping Center.

Classes for training of counselors will be hell March 22 and 29, April 5 and 12.

But we're sure they meant to say heck. In any case, our Environmental Progress Note came from W. Wegner of Arlington, Virginia, who found it in the Arlington *Evening Star*:

A system of permits for daytime on-street parking in Arlington has been proposed as a temporary solution to the country's parking problem.

Arlington residents would be non-residents parking on the given permit stickers, while streets would have to pay a fee.

Gee, we can hardly wait to see a tow-away street being towed away. Meanwhile, our Advertisement of the Week came from Mrs. Irving Colen of Jackson Heights, New York, from *The New York Times*:

LEGAL STENO
Park Avenue law-firm, semi-excellent skills

And finally, our own award for semi-excellence went to the twelfth-grade student in Louisa County, Virginia, who produced, according to her teacher, Jean Winne, the following essay:

THE GROWETH OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
Since the Old English Period we find that the English Language was already fifteen hundred years old. During this period our most basic words were derived from the anglo saxtons. As well as the deversion of verbs and nouns from the latinlanguage. Of this era the chief contributors were the Danes, French, and the Latin with a scent of Christiananity.

After the rule of Norman the Conquest in 1066 English dialect broke into The old English, French and Latin in which were seperatly spoken in the different classes of common people. From the Middle English Period the greatest influence of English was that of the noun. This diverson broaden the use and understanding of the language.

Forwarding onwarding unto the Elizabethain era the language broadens even more. You see it expressed in the field of lyrics, poetry, odes and more joyous forms of satire. Here in the Elizabethain era we note the rise of Sheadsphere. And to further the understanding of our language we see that Greek hits the scene and is tought in schools.

Glancing unto the Seventeen century we behold even a greater influence of our language. The Caviliers enforced upon the idea of simplicity of the words, neatness of style and boldness of the tone. And we notice a revolution in the whole English language more clearly. If we could more closely follow up the history of the modern language I feel that it would increase our understanding and establish us with a clearer way of thinking.

On the collegiate level, we were, together with fifty-nine other speakers, a guest at the country's largest and most ambitious symposium to date—the University of Wisconsin's "Alternative Futures for America." Running for a full fifteen days, the symposium heard speakers morning, afternoon, evening, and sometimes into the wee hours.

"From the beginning," said Larry Rosenfield of the speech department, a faculty adviser to the event, "we were determined to keep down the Hugh Hefners, the Tim O'Learys, and the freaks. And for once the kids seemed to listen to me."

In any case, student moderators Eric Williams and Victor Rodwin pronounced it a success. "We had," said Mr. Williams, "speakers ranging from Staughton Lynd to Ernest Van Den Haag, from Kenneth Boulding to Dennis Hopper. No college has ever had such an ambitious symposium by, I would say, a factor of two."

Senator George McGovern drew the biggest crowd—4,500. Second in draw was the peerless Pete Seeger, whose personal story most engrossed the students. The most popular poet was John Beecher, a relation of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, who told the students about how, in the Senator Joe McCarthy era, the only

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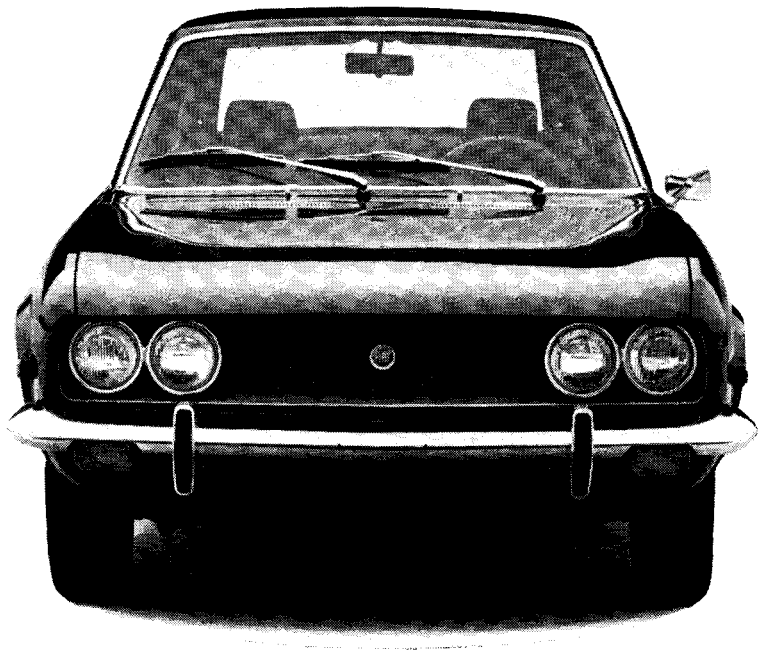

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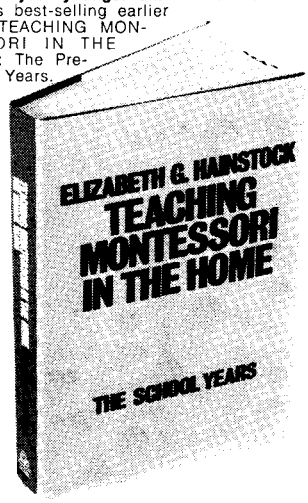

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way he could reach people was to learn printing and print his own poems. "I didn't start out to be a protester," he said, "but in those years I just got so damned mad that that's the way it turned out."

As for ourselves, we shared one panel with a good friend, Ashley Montagu, and discussed "Man: the Endangered and Endangering Species." "What," Mr. Montagu was asked, "is the solution?" He answered with some penetrating two-liners:

Man is the creature so arrogantly and prematurely named Homo sapiens. Homo sap is more like it.

You should learn to be a human being in the home, but the American home is an institution for the production of mental illness.

I wish, as someone has said, the Silent Majority would shut up.

We are suffering from the agonew and the nixstasy.

Man is the only billion-celled organism which can be completely reproduced by unskilled labor.

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No beast has ever behaved as people habitually behave, and indeed would be incapable of so doing. To say that someone behaved like a beast is both a libel and a slander.

Girls marry for "love." Boys marry because of a chronic irritation that causes them to gravitate in the direction of objects with certain curvilinear properties.

Shall I tell you what I consider to be wrong? What I consider to be wrong is that most of the people in the Western Hemisphere are stark, staring mad and the few people who recognize this are regarded as lunatics by all these stark, staring mad people.

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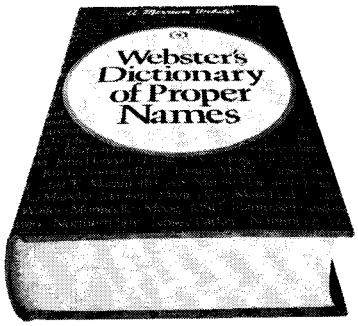

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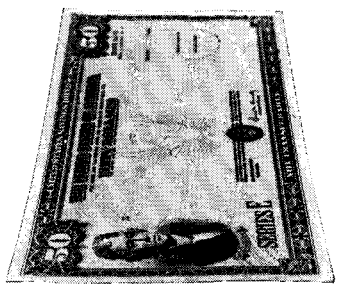

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SR-310

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Mental Midnight Memos

HE ALSO SERVES who only lies awake night after night and, instead of watching the late late movies, composes helpful, how-to-fix-it letters to the Establishment, sent special delivery by telepathy.

Spiro Agnew,
Vice President,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

A tip to help straighten out your golf game, which has been bothering me a lot these many nights. I asked my effete head doctor what causes a man to slice a golf ball when he swings. Protectively, not mentioning your name, of course. He replied: "Slicing a golf ball, as you know, is driving the ball to the right. It's symbolic of the way the country is being driven. With proper concentration your friend should, conservatively speaking, be able to drive a little more toward the middle of the fairway."

That visit cost me $30. I hope it helps. Anyway, Mr. V. P., my country, right or left, my country. Fore!

AT&T,
New York City

Gentlemen:

On April 2, at 10:47 a.m., I dialed my phone, and within seconds I was connected with the person I called. I thought you would be pleased to know. Keep up the fair work.

William P. Rogers,
Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Rogers:

My last telepathic message to you was erroneously sent to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. It was returned marked "Addressee Unknown." I felt awful. You are my favorite Cabinet member, gentle, soft-spoken, and with the look a famous diplomat should have. What is desperately needed here is some page 1 image-making.

May I suggest, sir, an immediate trip to Indochina and to the Middle East. On your return, make your report to the press at the airport. This will get you headlines before Henry finds out.

P.S.—Have you ever considered being kidnaped? Respectfully.

Editor,
The New York Times

Sir:

You fink. You proved again how the liberal press goes on nitpicking at our President. When Mr. Nixon went to Des Moines to deliver a speech, your reporters made snide comments on the fact that the students were joined in picketing Mr. Nixon by construction workers, pointing out that last summer the tin hats beat up a lot of New York students who demonstrated against the administration.

How soon you forget that in his campaign our President promised to bring us all together! It made me so mad at the press, I canceled my subscription to *Wild Life*. Constant Complainer.

"Look, Cornelius, where the hell is Sesame Street?"

John B. Connally, Jr.,
Secretary of the Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Connally:

My compliments on your perspicacious statement in the *Times*, announcing that the indicators show "there is a quickening of the economic pace in the country."

Right on target. For years I have paid my bills on the tenth of the month. On April 5, both the druggist and the laundry called me, asking if I could please mail their checks on the fifth instead of the tenth. A 50 per cent quickening of the economic pace. Thanks a lot.

Mike Hanlow,
New York City

Sir:

Since you fixed our TV set, I can see every program most clearly. Now what can you do about that?

Melvin Laird,
Secretary of Defense,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Laird:

I've read that the President is undecided about where to build a fourth Safeguard missile defense complex. Whether it should be in Wyoming or in Washington. I have been giving this a lot of thought these late nights, and I wonder if you could persuade him to build it at 57th Street and Park Avenue. All the tenants in our apartment house have cable TV, and we don't need the master antenna on the roof. Once it is removed, the missile defense could be easily installed. We would all feel safely guarded. And appreciative. Kick it around the Pentagon. I'm yawning my head off. Yours in haste.

U. S. Army Intelligence,
Pentagon,
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

If my memos to high Washington officials have given you the idea that I should be secretly investigated, forget it. My telepathy machine makes only one carbon. The instant you begin investigating, my mind will self-destruct.

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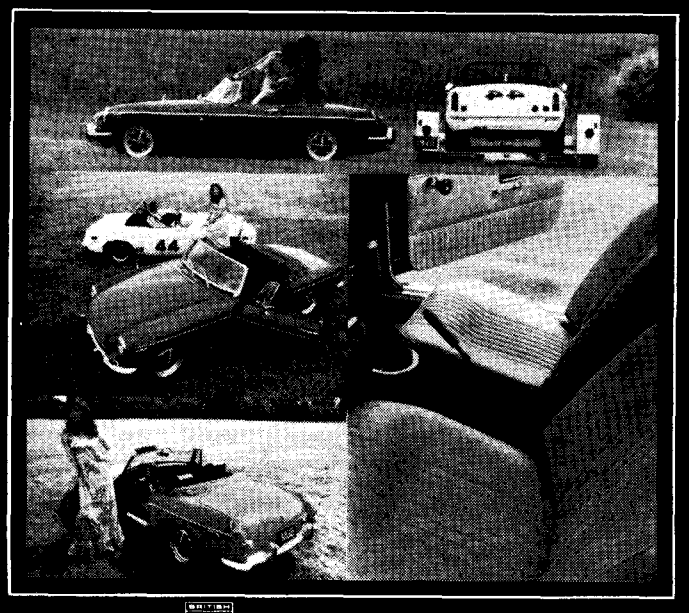
It says more about you than you'd ever say about yourself.



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BRAIN POWER
The Case for Bio-Feedback Training

by BARNARD LAW COLLIER

Inside a darkened chamber in the laboratory of Dr. Lester Fehmi sits Ralph Press, a nineteen-year-old mathematics student at the State University of New York in Stony Brook, Long Island. Relaxed in an armchair with his eyes closed, Ralph is undergoing his eleventh session of bio-feedback training to help him learn to control his brain waves.

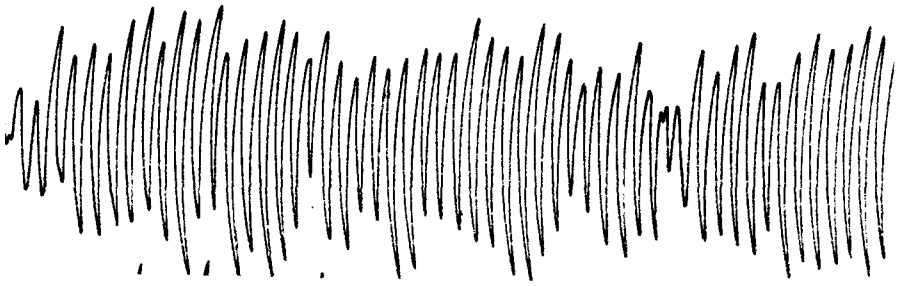
Four silver electrodes are pasted to Ralph's scalp, their orange lead wires plugged into an electroencephalograph that is tracing his brain-wave activity on thick ribbons of EEG paper in the next room. The silence in the soundproofed chamber is broken only by the long and short beepings of a rather high-pitched tone: the key to Ralph's bio-feedback training.

Dr. Fehmi, a professor of psychology at Stony Brook, has told Ralph that he can learn to increase his brain's output of an eight-to-fourteen-cycle-per-second brain sine wave called alpha. Alpha waves are one of four known brain waves. They are generated, billions of them, by the tiny electrical pulses that surge through the brain as it does its complex chores. High production of alpha waves is often associated with the objective state of peak mental and physical performance, a relaxed yet extremely sensitive alertness.

Dr. Fehmi and George Sintchak, the Stony Brook psychology department's chief electronic engineer, have rigged the EEG machine and a computer so that each time Ralph's brain generates a burst of alpha activity the occurrence is recorded, timed, and almost instantly made known to Ralph by means of the beeping tone. The tone is Ralph's bio-feedback. It is an audible signal that lets Ralph be consciously aware of a visceral function, in this case the production of his alpha brain waves, which his mind ordinarily blocks out, ignores, or is unable to perceive without external assistance. When Ralph's brain generates only snippets of alpha radiation, the tone comes in staccato little blips. As he produces more and more alpha, the tone stays on longer and longer. Ralph, of course, wants to succeed by producing as much alpha as he can.

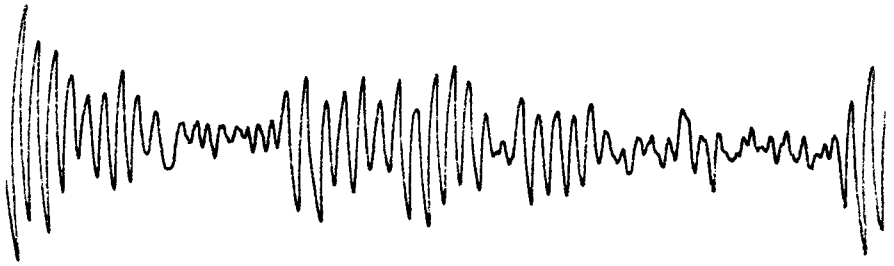
For nearly an hour, Ralph shows minute-by-minute improvement in his ability to keep the tone on. A computer read-out verifies that he is maintaining the tone for a cumulative average of twenty-eight seconds out of each minute. "He's one of our super-subjects," Dr. Fehmi remarks. "He's not the best, but he's getting pretty good."

Ralph's alpha waves are of high amplitude, very rhythmic and regular. This is what they look like as they are traced by the jiggling pens of the EEG machine:



"OK, Ralph," Dr. Fehmi says quietly over the intercom, "I want you to turn the tone off and keep it off."

The tone that Ralph has learned to sustain for upwards of three seconds now goes beep, beep, *blip*; within seconds, it has died away except for tiny random beeps. This is what it looks like on the EEG tracing as Ralph begins to stop his alpha waves:



"Now turn the tone back on," Dr. Fehmi says.

A pause of a second or so and the tone beeps back to life and stays on for seconds at a time. Then on, off, on, off. The tests continue until it is clear that Ralph is in personal command of his brain's alpha-wave activity as evidenced by the EEG machine's record.

A steady flow of new scientific findings indicates that, with the aid of the teaching technique called bio-feedback training, man can learn to control willfully his body and his state of consciousness to a degree that traditionally has been dismissed in Western cultures as mere trickery or condemned as somehow wicked or blasphemous.

Projects in hospitals and research laboratories around the world are convincingly demonstrating that it may be possible to learn personal mastery over the functions of our visceral organs—the heart, liver, kidneys, intestines, glands, and blood vessels—in the same specific way that we learn to manipulate our fingers to play Chopin or our legs to kick a field goal. There is also highly intriguing research going on in laboratories like Dr. Fehmi's to demonstrate that with bio-feedback training we can learn self-control over the electrical activity of our brain. These studies indicate that man may possess the ability to will himself into whatever state of consciousness seems most appropriate to his environment, to accomplishing a task at hand, or to some special pursuit.

The implications of bio-feedback training are proving terribly easy to overstate, given the limited amount of solid experimental evidence that presently exists. People seem peculiarly

BARNARD LAW COLLIER, a former correspondent for *The New York Times*, is a freelance writer who lives in Washington, D.C.

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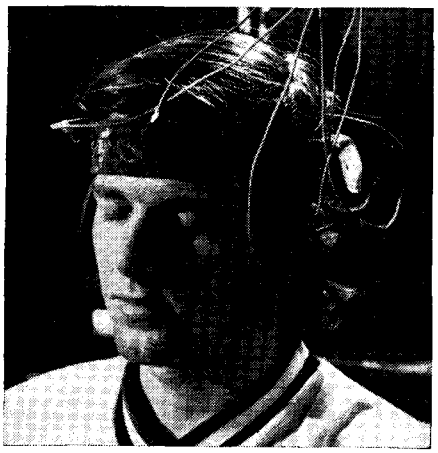
ready nowadays to lunge at the adventurous prospect of employing new methods and modern technology to explore and conquer one's own brain and body instead of, say, the moon or Southeast Asia. The propensity for exaggeration about progress in this area frightens prudent scientists. Already they are encountering the con artists, the charlatans, and the quacks who are taking people's money by glibly mouthing the jargon associated with bio-feedback research and similar studies of the mind's control over internal organs. This caveat is offered early because it is difficult to keep one's imagination reined in unless one is warned that much of the data accumulated so far are limited to experiments with rats, monkeys, rabbits, or other lab animals. And the remarkable results with animals may not travel well from the laboratory to humans. Nevertheless, research teams are reporting an ever increasing number of cases in which human subjects have unquestionably gained conscious control over visceral organs once thought beyond the mastery of the mind.

In Baltimore, for example, Dr. Bernard T. Engel, a psychologist, and Dr. Eugene Bleecker, a cardiovascular specialist, have conducted bio-feedback training sessions with eight patients suffering from premature ventricular contractions, a dangerous irregularity of the heartbeat involving the heart's main pumping chamber. With significant success, these patients have learned to speed, slow, and narrowly regulate their heart by force of mental discipline alone.

At the Gerontology Research Center of the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, Dr. Engel and Dr. Bleecker use a visual form of bio-feedback training to help patients control their heart. In a typical experiment, the patient lies quietly on a hospital bed in a small, windowless laboratory near Dr. Engel's office. The electrodes of an electrocardiograph are attached to his chest and pulse points, and the EKG machine is hooked up with a specially programed computer. On the bed table in front of the patient sits a small metal box fitted with a red, a yellow, and a green light in the same pattern as a regular traffic signal. The display is hooked into the computer, which almost instantly analyzes the EKG readings and provides bio-feedback information to the patient by means of the flashing colored lights.

The first phase of the training is speeding the heart rate. The patient may be told that when the yellow light goes on he will know that his heart is beating faster; the green light flashing on means it is slowing down. A small meter next to the light box indicates to



In a bio-feedback training session at the State University of New York, Ralph Press (above) generates alpha waves while Dr. Lester Fehmi monitors resultant tracings as recorded on an EEG machine.

the patient what percentage of the time he is succeeding in keeping the yellow light lit. The goal for the heart patient, of course, is to gain control over the lights and his heartbeat in the same way Ralph Press controlled the beeping tone and his alpha-wave production: by sheer mental effort, and without any muscular exertion—which amounts to cheating.

After a patient learns to speed his heart, he is then taught to slow it down with the red light and later to keep it beating within narrow normal limits, with the three lights acting as too fast, too slow, and normal signals. Some of Dr. Engel's patients have achieved a 20 per cent speeding or slowing of their hearts—about sixteen beats a minute from an eighty-beat-per-minute base. This self-willed rate change in one direction or the other tends to even out the irregular beats. Why? Researchers are not quite sure, but it works.

But what happens when the patient goes home, away from Dr. Engel's bio-feedback light box? The final stage of the five-phase training program is the stepped withdrawal of the bio-feedback light signals. The patient, after extensive training, finds he can deliberately alter his heartbeats in the desired direction without artificial feedback. One of Dr. Engel's patients could still remember how to control his rate after two years. That Dr. Engel's patients retain what they have learned without the aid of an electronic device to provide feedback is what excites many researchers who feel that we may be capable of discovering unknown mechanisms, or "feedback loops," within ourselves that will allow us, after some basic training, to monitor our viscera and their functions at will throughout life.

In Boston and New York City, scientists are trying to see how people with hypertension can effectively lower their abnormally high blood pressure by thinking it down. Under the direction of Dr. Neal E. Miller, a professor of physiological psychology at Rockefeller University in New York and a pioneer in the brain sciences, experiments are now proceeding to discover if human subjects can learn to control the contractions of their intestinal tract. Laboratory rats have learned to control these contractions with notable success. If humans can do as well, it could mean relief from much suffering for people with spastic colons and similar gastrointestinal ailments usually associated with stress and psychosomatic illness.

Dr. Miller was in the forefront of what seemed, just a decade or so ago, a vain and somewhat foolhardy challenge to the bedrock idea that the viscera and the autonomic nervous system that controls them operate entirely independently of an animal's deliberate control. Dr. Miller has traced back to Plato the dogma that the organs controlled by the autonomic nervous system function at a kind of cave-mannish level, learning only in classical Pavlovian fashion to react to such stimuli as sour lemons and growling bears. On the other hand, the somatic, or cerebrospinal, nervous system, which transmits nerve signals from the brain to the spinal cord and directly to the skeletal muscles, can learn by the sophisticated trial-and-error instrumental process. Perhaps the Greeks considered it an act of

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hubris to believe that they, not the gods, exercised command of their heart, brain, and guts. Dr. Engel, who also has studied the accumulated prejudices against the viscera, can recite a chain of erroneous proofs put forth until only a few years ago by scientists who, with a kind of religious fervor, had shunned anatomical facts and new information in order to steadfastly support Plato.

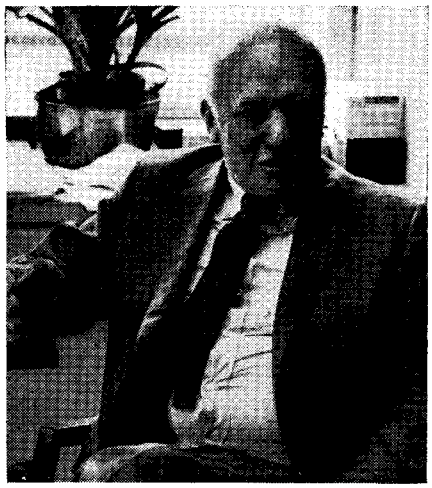
At the root of the research reports on bio-feedback training is what Dr. Miller describes as "an almost complete change in our way of thinking about our viscera and their ability to learn. We are now able to regard the activities of our internal organs as behavior in the same sense that the movements of our hands and fingers are behavior. This is the basic stem of it all, but just where this rather radical new orientation will lead, we can't be sure yet."

Some indications that we can possibly control our viscera have been around for centuries without anyone's grasping their import. Dr. Miller points out that actors and actresses can control their tear glands, which are visceral organs, to make themselves cry on cue. It is possible that some classical conditioning is involved: The actor recalls something sad and the sadness makes him cry. But many actors and actresses say they can cry without any recalling, that all they have to do is think "cry" and the tears flow.

Magicians and mystics and meditators have often gained mental control over visceral organs to a significant degree. Harry Houdini is said to have been able to swallow and regurgitate a key that would unlock him from some otherwise unopenable box. If he did this, it would mean he had gained mastery over the muscles of his esophagus and stomach, part of the viscera.

A few yogis, it would seem, can control their metabolism to some extent. But whether or not they "cheat" by using skeletal muscles instead of only their mind to perform their tricks is unknown. Scientists have found that some yogis who can "stop" their hearts so that no pulse or sound of beating can be detected are actually performing what is called the Valsalva maneuver. By taking a deep breath, closing their windpipe, and breathing hard to increase the pressure inside their chest and around their heart, they collapse the veins to the heart and clamp off the return of blood. This arrests heart sounds and the pulse, but an EKG shows that the heart is still beating and usually quite fast. "We must re-examine a lot of phenomena we may have dismissed as fakery before," Dr. Miller says.

The belief in a "superior" somatic



Brain-studies pioneer Dr. Neal Miller of Rockefeller University: "We must re-examine a lot of phenomena we may have dismissed as fakery before."

nervous system and an "inferior" autonomic nervous system was so strong that, according to Dr. Miller, "for more than a dozen years I had extreme difficulty getting students or even paid assistants to conduct experiments on the control of internal organs." But Dr. Miller persisted, and his research has led many other scientists to abandon the old dogma. He has shown that the internal organs in animals and to a significant extent in man, as well, are capable of learning by trial and error —and with a startling degree of specificity and discrimination. In one experiment, which Dr. Miller particularly enjoys mentioning, he and his research colleague, Dr. Leo V. DiCara, tuned their instrumental conditioning process down so fine that a rat learned to blush one ear and blanch the other. In almost all of his animal experiments, Dr. Miller paralyzes the rats and other lab animals with curare, a powerful drug used by South American Indians to tip their poison darts. The curare interferes with all the nerve impulses that keep the skeletal muscles working —including respiration. The paralyzing of the skeletal muscles ensures that the animals do not "cheat" by somehow using their skeletal muscles to affect their visceral responses. (It is thus far a frustration for Dr. Miller and others that non-curarized animals are slower to learn viscerally than the curarized ones.)

The difference between the way the body learns by classical conditioning and by instrumental conditioning is crucial to understanding how bio-feedback training works. Classical conditioning, or learning, always demands a stimulus that elicits an innate response. For example, the first time you ever saw a lemon, nothing much happened with your saliva glands, which are visceral organs. But after you first tasted its sour juice, your saliva glands automatically secreted lots of saliva to dilute and wash away the puckering citric acid. You cannot control the response of your saliva glands to the lemon juice, and after you have tasted several lemons your mouth will start watering at the very sight of one. You have been classically conditioned to salivate at the sight of lemons. The same thing works for other such stimuli: a mad dog, for example. The sight of one will boost your heart rate, increase your adrenaline flow, and generally activate other innate fear responses.

The process of instrumental learning is much less limited since it requires no specific stimulus to provoke a response. If you want to sink a twelve-foot golf putt, for instance, there is nothing anyone can offer you, not a lemon or $5,000, that will get your body to hole the ball out with Pavlovian sureness. But by the process of trial and error, or instrumental conditioning, you can learn to coordinate your muscles and other responses. You stroke the ball toward the hole and it glides by. You try again and again. Each time you get closer. You are not aware of precisely what you are doing to improve; you cannot say which muscles are contracting or relaxing and in what order. But you get closer nonetheless, and each near success is a reward that is likely to keep you trying. At last you are in control of your muscles, your responses, and the golf ball. It plunks into the hole. This trial-and-error process is called instrumental learning.

Now imagine that you are trying to make the same putt blindfolded. Very difficult, if not impossible. Why? Because something essential is missing from the learning process: feedback. In this case, the feedback is the sight of the ball getting closer to the cup. Of course, you could learn to make the putt blindfolded if you substituted for the feedback of your visual perception the voice (feedback) of your caddy. He might, at the simplest level, say "yes" when your direction was right and say nothing or "no" when it wasn't. He might offer more guidance: "A little more to the right" or "A little to the left and harder." You would still be badly handicapped by the imprecision of your caddy's secondhand information, but eventually you would sink one and then perhaps quite a few.

Our mind is in some ways like the blindfolded golfer where the viscera are concerned. Scientists are trying to find new ways to remove the blindfold, which is enormously difficult indeed, or to substitute the guidance of the caddy-type feedback for sensory infor-

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mation about visceral organs that the mind for some reason dismisses or never perceives. Dr. Fehmi's beeping tone and the mini-volt currents of pleasurable brain stimulation that lab rats get are simple reward bio-feedback signals; Dr. Engel's colored lights represent more guidance. All are examples of bio-feedback used to instrumentally condition internal organs by letting the mind know, within predetermined limits, what those organs are up to.

One path of bio-feedback research has branched slightly away from the strictly therapeutic approach and is investigating the ability of human beings to exert purposeful control over their visceral functions, especially their brain functions, with the goal of making the essentially healthy person better able to cope with his world. At the United States Navy Medical Neuropsychiatric Research Unit in San Diego, California, Dr. Ardie Lubin and Dr. David Hord, both psychologists, are studying the relationship between the output of alpha waves and sleep. What they want to determine is whether or not a person deprived of sleep can be returned to a state of effectiveness and acceptable decision-making capacity by willing himself into an alpha state for a certain length of time. Some preliminary tests have shown that alpha states may be recuperative.

At the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute, part of the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, a research group headed by Dr. Joe Kamiya is exploring the possibility that brain-wave control may have important effects on health, creativity, and such mental functions as perception and memory. Dr. Kamiya is regarded by most psychologists as the pioneer in the field of brain-wave control. Dr. Kamiya and his research team have found that subjects who do best at mastering their alpha-wave output are those who have had some training in meditation, as in Zen. At Stony Brook, Dr. Fehmi has noted that musicians, athletes, and artists are especially adept at control over their brain waves. Conversely, he has found that subjects who come into his chamber and slouch in their armchair in the spaced-out way associated with drug trips produce precious little alpha.

It is frustrating to researchers that the subjects who are most proficient in gaining brain-wave control are often strangely tongue-tied when it comes to telling just how they do it. Some say they relax and wipe everything from their mind. Others concentrate on some infinite point like a mystical third eye in the middle of their forehead. Some are unable to verbalize the experience at all.

"The best way I can describe the feeling of alpha," says Dr. Fehmi, "is a relaxed but alert and sensitive 'into-it-ness.'" Dr. Edgar E. Coons, a physiological psychologist at New York University and a musician, has been trained to produce alpha waves in Dr. Fehmi's lab; he says the alpha state "makes me feel as if I'm floating about half an inch above my seat." A talented young musician named David Rosenboom, who recently presented a bio-feedback brain-wave concert at Automation House in New York (brain-wave activity was fed into a computer and an ARP synthesizer; the result was a weird but not unpleasing effect), is the reigning champion brain-wave producer for Dr. Fehmi. When his alpha is really going strong in all parts of his brain, Rosenboom says he is plugged in to a "great energy source." Another musician named LaMonte Young, who keeps a forty-cycle "home" tone going in his Manhattan studio at all times, explained that he had no trouble generating alpha the first time he ever tried it, because his mind "is tuned to frequencies and intervals."

At the University of Colorado Medical School, Dr. Hans Stoyva has had notable success in teaching his patients how to relax specific muscles that tense up and cause certain kinds of tension headaches. The easing of pain has been swift and dramatic.

Dr. Martin Orme, director of experimental psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School in Philadelphia, is studying the alpha-wave phenomenon with an eye toward finding out what exactly an alpha state does to or for an individual and how it might be beneficial to him. "It's not enough to know you can contemplate your navel," Dr. Orme says. "You then have to ask, 'What happens?'" Experiments conducted with subjects who have been trained to produce a reliably high alpha-wave output show, accord-

(*Continued on page* 58)

David Rosenboom recently gave a bio-feedback brain-wave concert at Automation House in New York by feeding alpha activity into a computer and an ARP synthesizer; (below) he wires a friend for reception of his brain-wave music.

—Photos by Maggi Castelloe

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The Dispossessed

Wasn't the refugee problem resolved many years ago, at the end of World War II? Not really. Today, a quarter-century later, more than seventeen million uprooted, stateless people are wandering the earth or are festering away in refugee camps.

The pandemic nature of this tragedy is brought home sharply by an outline map in the 1970 *World Refugee Report*, issued by the U.S. Committee for Refugees. The map shows the world's continents in red, dotted with black spots that indicate the number and location of involuntary migrants. Africa, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia are fairly peppered with dots, and only North America and Australia come off relatively "clean."

The Middle East, of course, stands out on the map, being freckled with black dots representing almost two million refugees—most of them victims of the Arab-Israeli confrontation.

Hong Kong is also prominent. Over the years, two million refugees from mainland China have crowded into that tiny British colony, and they now make up half its population.

Fully three million persons from East and West Pakistan are now living in India, casualties of the 1947 partition, which also forced 500,000 Indians to resettle in Pakistan. The current civil disorders in East Pakistan will no doubt "generate" more displaced persons.

The war in Vietnam is, of course, a classic instance of the refugee-generating process. According to former U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, between 1964 and 1969 some three-and-a-half million South Vietnamese—a fifth of the population—were dislocated by the war but stayed within the boundaries of South Vietnam. Most have returned to their homes, conditions permitting, or have been successfully resettled. But at least a half-million South Vietnamese are still refugees within their own land. Meanwhile, the war creates more refugees each day.

A surprising feature of the world refugee map is the heavy concentration of displaced persons in unlikely areas. The Democratic Republic of the Congo, for instance, has received about 500,000 refugees from the troubled Portuguese colony of Angola. Fierce, if sparsely reported, civil warfare in the Democratic Republic of the Sudan has produced 180,000 refugees, who have scattered to Ethiopia, Uganda, the Congo, and other African countries. And the United States has quietly absorbed no less than 500,000 refugees from Castro's Cuba.

Another surprise: The refugee problem is still quite real in Europe. As *The Christian Science Monitor* pointed out in a fine series on dislocated people, " . . . more than twelve million [persons of German origin] have . . . since the collapse of the Third Reich in 1945 fled or been pushed out of Communist lands in Central and Eastern Europe." Most of these refugees have flooded into Western Europe: "Every fifth person among West Germany's 59.8 million citizens came from areas now governed by Communist regimes, including . . . East Germany."

Fortunately, most European refugees have usable skills. Coming into host countries that enjoy vigorous economic health, they have been readily assimilated, after the usual bumpy initial period. Similarly, 1,500 Haitian teachers who sought refuge in the Democratic Republic of the Congo have found good jobs in its school systems.

In general, where there is good will and a need for workers, remarkable "conversions" are possible—as when 700 Tibetan refugees recently found safe haven in Switzerland, and soon made good as factory workers.

The outlook is less happy, however, when there are not enough jobs to go around. The aforementioned report says that one million persons have crossed into Argentina from Chile, Bolivia, and Paraguay, and have settled in shack-cities on the outskirts of Buenos Aires. "They are refugees," the report notes, "in the sense that they have no proper travel documents and . . . are, for the most part, jobless and homeless—in other words, in need of the services normally thought appropriate and necessary for refugees."

When confronted by human disaster of this magnitude, most private citizens throw up their hands, and even governments have been known to despair. After all, in a world plagued by war, national unrest, overpopulation, and a thousand other miseries, how can we expect anyone to summon up the will and energy needed to help seventeen million uprooted people?

The answer is that dozens of largely private refugee agencies are accomplishing prodigies among displaced populations in 119 countries. Perhaps the key clearinghouse and public-education group in the field is the privately sponsored U.S. Committee for Refugees. The Committee's 1970 report lists seventy-seven refugee-oriented agencies. If these agencies were not active, the outlook for the world's dispossessed would be even grimmer than it is already.

Concerned Americans might well consider giving support to the work of these refugee organizations. We in the United States have, of course, our own Pandora's box, full of pressing domestic problems. But decent, disinterested acts have a strange way of redounding to one's own advantage. It would be happy irony indeed if we set out to find the key to the world refugee problem and ended up stumbling on solutions to those tragic dilemmas that now becloud our own country's future.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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Letters to the Editor

After the Thaw, the Greening

PETER C. NEWMAN'S "The Thawing of Canada" [*SR*, Mar. 13] is certainly refreshing and welcome. In an abbreviated but equally skillful way he has made the thawing as much a hope in Canada as Charles Reich has made the "greening" a hope in the United States.

What might be pointed out is that the run-off of the thawing to the north might be essential to the greening here. If the Canadians, through their fragmented but yet potentially powerful nationalism, can purge their country of contagious, materialistic American values and break the yoke of American economic interests, which would include putting these interests to the task of ecologically and culturally cleansing the Canadian environment it has polluted, it might inspire the American people to require of their own business Establishment a similar effort.

RONALD J. CRISTANDO,
Sacramento, Calif.

HAVING LIVED in Canada for seventeen years, I was quite disappointed in having to agree with Peter Newman when he says, "All this sounds negative, as though Canadians can only identify themselves in terms of the rejection of the United States." It has always been a mystery to me why Canadians continue to bellyache about the competition, instead of taking constructive steps to improve their own capabilities; e.g., non-Canadian companies enjoy certain tax advantages, granted by their own governments, that are not available to Canadian companies. Why don't Canadians insist that their own government place Canadian industry in at least an equal tax position in order to compete with the "invaders"?

PAUL L. KARTZKE,
Rancho Santa Fe, Calif.

Congressman Day Defends Himself

K. JASON SITEWELL, in "A Call to Defeat H.R. 6142" [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Apr. 3], makes it appear that the bill I introduced in the House of Representatives has a secret and pernicious purpose. He says I am dominated by a "malicious obsession" to destroy golf.

The forty-three members of the House who are co-sponsoring my bill will bear witness to the fact that I have never made any secret of my opposition to privileged use of parks, public or private. I believe it is undemocratic and indeed arrogant for large tracts of land to be pre-empted by small numbers of people for any purpose, be it golf or any other so-called sport. I have no objection to public golf courses so long as they are used by enough people to justify the public taxes that support them. Admittedly, it is difficult to define "reasonable use" in terms of numbers of people involved. Arbitrarily, perhaps, I have hit on an average of 150 persons per day as a reasonable number. Any public golf course that is used by more than this number of people has nothing to fear from my bill. Private courses, of course, will not be exempt.

I trust this sets the record straight so far as my purposes and objectives are concerned. Now let me raise some questions about K. Jason Sitewell and the *Saturday Review*.

Mr. Sitewell says he has known me since early childhood. That is correct. Obviously, therefore, my own knowledge of him is of equal duration. Would it surprise the readers of *SR* to learn that Mr. Sitewell is one of the largest investors in sporting-goods equipment in the country?

Now for *SR*: I am sure the magazine's readers must find it strange that Mr. Sitewell's letter appeared in *SR*. The letters page is usually reserved for comment on material that has previously appeared in the magazine. The Sitewell letter was totally unrelated to any earlier article in *SR*. Yet the editor gave it a full page. Why? I point a finger at the editor himself.

The public image of N.C. is of a man dedicated to literature, philosophy, and important public causes. He has been known as a confidant of such men as Schweitzer, Nehru, President John F. Kennedy, and Pope John XXIII. This is not the real N.C. The real N.C. became revealed to me the other night when I listened to Arnold Palmer on the *Tonight* show. Palmer spoke of playing golf with his "good friend Norman Cousins" and of dedicating his latest golf book to him. The next day I obtained a copy of the book. There it was, the reference to the editor of *SR* as a golf-playing buddy. Good Lord! The next thing we know, Spiro Agnew will be writing editorials for the *Saturday Review! Sic transit gloria mundi.*

A. F. DAY,
House Office Building,
Washington, D.C.

A Body of Censors

ARTHUR KNIGHT'S review "The Body: Rated 'X'" [SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, Mar. 6] really hit home here in San Diego. Our only two daily newspapers, both controlled by the Copley Press, have appointed themselves guardians of the city's morality by placing a ban on the advertising in their pages of any X-rated films. This action was justified in advance by impassioned editorials decrying the lurid nature of the advertising copy for such films. Reducing the ads to a mere listing of the films playing at the various theaters would have been a simple solution to the problem but would not have afforded the opportunity for such dramatic editorial displays of indignation and such righteous self-regard for their "protection" of the public.

These ratings, intended only as a guide for the viewing public, have been subverted by the local press into a device for arbitrarily denying the public any information concerning X-rated films. This points out, once again, the dangers inherent in even the seemingly most innocuous form of censorship. It is incredible that the news media should assume such power—moral judge for all the citizens of California's third largest city.

MRS. VIRGINIA W. BECK,
San Diego, Calif.

"I'll give up 'A visit to a typical Japanese home to witness a traditional tea ceremony' if you'll give up 'Beautiful, graceful young geisha scrubbing your back.'"

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

In Vespa Veritas, or Verismo on Wheels

RAUCOUS, pulsating, dull, vital, and disquieting are some of the words that rush to mind to describe the first impact of *The Losers*, which Harold Farberman has written and which the American Opera Center presented in late March for the first time anyplace. A direct descendant of the operatic eruption titled *verismo* ("realism") that rocked Italy in the late nineteenth century and threw up such lasting landmarks as *Cavalleria* and *Pagliacci*, *The Losers* is concerned wholly and exclusively with the impulses and compulsions of a motorcycle gang of that name. It begins with three Losers beating up a gas station attendant who would stand them off, and ends with their Maximum Leader, his girl, and a "square" who tried to defend her, dead. The Losers file out, and life goes on.

In between, John Houseman has wrought some considerable miracle of direction in converting several score Juilliard students into startling likenesses of bike riders, their girls, and peripheral humans who are sucked into their maelstrom. A violently believable breakaway production by Douglas W. Schmidt converts the resourceful stage of the Juilliard Theater into a bar where the Losers congregate, a warehouse in which they have their initiation rites, and a sea of dreams on which they float in Patricia Birch's choreographed ritual of the "run." They come together, separate, and coalesce again in a fantasy of lights and scenery while barely missing a beat of music. Save for a clock that never goes beyond the moment of 6:10, there is hardly a false note in the depiction of a grubby bar, the door to the backroom (inscribed "Losers Only: Screw Everybody"), or even the TV set hanging overhead, on which a telling bit of action related to the plot is depicted on a news broadcast. This may all be faded millinery in other media, but, in what used to be called lyric theater, it is light-years ahead of what the Met, or even the City Opera, has achieved with its enormous professional resources.

"Get me a chestnut tree!"

As for lyric theater in the Farberman phase, it is a theater in which Varèse has supplanted Verdi, the drum has taken the place of the violin as a melodic instrument, and *vocalise* is based upon Schoenberg rather than Sacchini. When coloratura is called for as a means of expressing the concern of the Maximum Leader's "square" girl about the finer things of life, such as love, it is derived not from *Lakmé* but from *Lulu*. However, the idiom of Berg is no more germane to these people than that of Bellini would have been.

The Losers operates best, functions finest, and penetrates most profoundly in those episodes when verbal communication is suspended, when attitudes, emotions, and involvements are conveyed by sound and movement. These relate, particularly, to the initiation ritual of the Losers in which a husky bass baritone named Michael Warren is subject, in Act I, to a repertory of kicks, shoves, bashings, and other muscular abuses that would reduce the average Scarpia to a pulp. He manages to take a perfectly normal part in Act II, and in the dream sequence. Here, the heady joy of motion on a bike, compounded by the insensate physical contact with the girl on the back seat, produces full understanding of why the Honda has replaced the unicorn as this "wild" generation's sex symbol. In these situations, Farberman's basic training as a percussion player, under Saul Goodman, equipped him richly with the means to evoke momentum as his subsequent emergence as a conductor enabled him to extract much more from his score than an intermediary could.

Where *The Losers* lets down most conspicuously, tends to coast, and finally, in a real sense, runs out of gas is precisely in those sequences in which the story is expounded in words rather than action, and so-called "singing" intrudes on the narrative power of action and orchestra. It was an excellent idea for Farberman to utilize a small jazz combo (bass, sax, drums, etc.) as an adjunct to the main orchestra for special kinds of atmosphere, and a clever production idea for Houseman to liberate the vocal duo, which was originally a part of the combo, to serve as a kind of wandering Greek chorus of comment on the action. But Barbara Fried's sometimes excellent, sometimes overly cute text tended to get lost in

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Papal Fallibility

by MARKUS BARTH

INFALLIBLE?
An Inquiry

by Hans Küng
translated from the German by Edward Quinn

Doubleday, 262 pp., $5.95

On July 18, 1870, the First Vatican Council declared that the Pope can make infallible statements, under two conditions: they must concern faith and morals, and they must be made *ex cathedra*—that is, with the Pope speaking in his capacity as supreme pastor and teacher. In the same breath, the Council asserted that papal infallibility is not dependent upon the consent of the Church. As if to indicate cosmic approval of the pronouncement, the sun broke through the clouds and cast a ray of light upon the high altar of St. Peter's at the moment the words were spoken.

Since then infallibility has been expressly claimed for only two doctrines: the Immaculate Conception and the bodily Assumption of Mary. In fact, however, the encyclicals of the Pope, no less than his dogmatic utterances, call for unconditional faith, acceptance, and obedience. This is true of Pope Paul's *Humanae Vitae*, which prohibits all forms of contraception except the "rhythm method." Because it is assumed that through the Pope the Church instructs and directs the conscience of the faithful, "conscientious objection" is ruled out as a legitimate reason for doubt or disobedience.

Hans Küng's book *Infallible?* is an all-out attack upon the infallibility not only of the Pope, but also of the bishops, the Council, the Church, and, for good measure, the Bible when it is treated as a "paper pope." For God alone is the infallible truth, Küng argues, and "it is human to err." Words can at best point to the truth; they can never absolutely fix or control it. At the same time he acknowledges that the Church has God's promise that it serves as a signpost toward the truth, and he concedes that even critical theologians, including himself, can be subject to error. Though he takes the encyclical on contraception as his starting point in arguing against papal infallibility, Küng's primary concern is to question and to fight much more than just one decision. His purpose is to battle the system that made possible the above-mentioned Marian dogmas (which have widened the gap between the Catholic and the Protestant churches), the enforced celibacy of the priesthood, the neglect of different regional needs, the imprisonment of the Church in outmoded thought patterns, and the snubbing of serious theological warnings and suggestions. If the question posed by Küng is answered the way he suggests, Roman Catholicism is bound to undergo that "reform in head and members" which was demanded in the Medieval and pre-Reformation periods, but was realized almost exclusively in churches that were separated from Rome.

The participants in Vatican I were fully aware that they would be opposed both inside and outside the Church. Therefore they stated: "Those who have received the faith under the Teaching Office of the Church have never any just cause to change that faith or to cast it into doubt." Further, they specified: "If—which may God avert—anyone should presume to contradict this definition [of the Pope's

MARKUS BARTH, son of the renowned Swiss theologian Karl Barth, is a professor at Pittsburgh Theological Seminary and the author of *The Broken Wall* and *Conversation with the Bible*.

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infallibility] let him be anathema." But Küng, a Swiss-born professor of Dogmatic and Ecumenical Theology at the Catholic Theological Faculty in Tübingen, Germany, has ventured to "contradict," or at least to put a question mark after the word "infallible." He speaks for many. Küng draws support from his (mainly French) teachers, and he has followers and fellow-militants who may well become even more critical and radical than he is. The militant Swiss is anxious to see the truth taken much more seriously than it is when the Catholic Church identifies it with her teaching.

If a Protestant had written this book, little if any dust would have been raised, for almost all of Küng's arguments have been used during and after the Reformation. Not only Protestant, Anglican, and Orthodox writers but historians, philosophers, and politicians with little or no denominational ties have joined in the chorus denouncing papal claims. Now that a Roman Catholic theologian has taken up the issue of infallibility Rome itself and all those representing its system can no longer ignore or belittle the gravity of the problem. Will Küng overcome his opponents, will he be silenced, or will there be mutual destruction?

Some moves have already been made. In February of this year Cardinal Döpfner, Archbishop of Munich, almost succeeded in persuading the German Bishops' Conference that "H. Küng's book contains statements that are contrary to the Catholic understanding of the Faith and the Church." The bishops chose to disregard the pressure, which was felt to have originated in Rome. They declared themselves incompetent (or unwilling?; their statement says, "It is not the Bishops' duty . . . .") "to take a position on the specialized points brought into debate through the book." Küng had some reason to hail their decision: they had abstained from condemning him. However, those Dutch and Belgian bishops who until now have stood nearest him have not at this writing expressed any public support. Most amazing has been the reaction of Karl Rahner, Küng's senior fellow-fighter for theological and ecclesiastical renewal. Rahner maintains that "after *Infallible?* there is no common basis inside Catholicism for a theological debate with Küng. . . . His views are those of a liberal Protestant." What is to happen next?

The matter is far too serious to be left in the hands of bishops and theologians alone. The possibility of drastic changes inside the Roman Catholic Church calls for the brotherly concern, the passionate participation, and perhaps also the bold words and actions of every man of good will. The attitude of the bystander will help no one. The potential of any church for both good and ill is so great that every human being can be affected.

The book opens with a "Candid Preface," in which the author speaks of many urgent matters that were left unsettled by the Second Vatican Council. Dr. Küng takes neither a reactionary nor a revolutionary stance: he is and will remain a good Catholic Christian.

After a brief enumeration of past ecclesiastical pronouncements that have proved erroneous, he discusses the origin, the contents, and the reception of the encyclical regarding contraception. *Humanae Vitae* owes its substance only to the fact that the Pope (in contrast to the majority of the Papal Commission that had studied the matter) did not want or did not dare to contradict earlier Church statements on the issue. Thus a formalistic way of thinking prevailed over an evangelical and charitable spirit. The references to an alleged "natural law" reveal how remote was any influence of the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Next, Küng leads the reader from the discussions and decisions of the Second Vatican Council to those of the First. In his description of the development of the term "infallible" and its application to the Pope, he discloses the role played by reactionaries and romanticists, by Vatican intrigue and forged documents (which Thomas Aquinas and Gratian, the "Father of Canon Law," used in arguing the Pope's primacy).

Without any pretense of finality, Küng offers "An Answer" to the question posed in the title. He proposes that the term "infallible," in its authentic sense of "neither deceived nor deceiving," be reserved for God, and that the Church speak of no more than her own indefectibility, continuity, or persistence in truth. Of course, the Church has to proclaim the one true Gospel entrusted to her, and in so doing she has to confess her own conviction and stand by it with a clear "yes" here, a sharp "no" there. But she cannot freeze the truth in definitions, declarations, and confessions. Changing times call for restatements of faith—even for reformulations admitting that errors have been committed. Küng pleads that the Teaching Ministry of the Church (in typical fashion it is officially called *Magisterium* or *Officium* rather than *Ministerium*) be entrusted to the theologians rather than to Curial magistrates and bishops.

The book ends with a surprising "outlook." Here the author affirms the "Petrine Office," the unique task and opportunity given to the Pope. Without retracting anything said earlier, he unfolds a vision of a possible future papacy in which the primacy of service will replace the present anachronistic absolutism, and true pastoral efficiency will substitute for the raising of impossible claims. The liberation of the Pope from the fetters of the Curia is a precondition for the achievement of this ideal. According to Küng, Pope John XXIII has demonstrated that the vision can be realized in our time.

A number of propositions are set forth in the book, chief among which are the following:

• Just as God is greater than man and words, so truth and infallibility are beyond any man and his verbal formu-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

LAST OF THEIR KIND

Jeanne Berman of Peoria, Ill., asks you to identify the "last" personality (real or fictional) to whom each of the titles applies. As your last resort, refer to page 26.

1. *The Last Adam* ( )
2. *The Last Angry Man* ( )
3. *The Last of the Barons* ( )
4. *The Last Billionaire* ( )
5. *The Last Empress* ( )
6. *The Last Englishman* ( )
7. *The Last of the Fathers* ( )
8. *The Last of the Mohicans* ( )
9. *The Last Puritan* ( )
10. *The Last Tudor King* ( )
11. *The Last Tycoon* ( )
12. *The Last of the Valois* ( )

a. Dr. Samuel Abelman
b. Oliver Alden
c. St. Bernard
d. Dr. George Bull
e. Chingachgook
f. Edward VI
g. Henry Ford
h. Henry III
i. Hereward the Wake
j. Monroe Stahr
k. Tz'u Hsi
l. Earl of Warwick

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Pope John XXIII—"The vision can be realized in our time."

lations. No man is in principle God's spokesman; no human proposition can be promulgated as identical with God's truth. But whenever a true testimony is given it speaks powerfully and will be heeded. Legalistic attempts at validation can lead only to destruction and denial of the "truth [that] will make you free."

- It is not sufficient to check the actual or presumed papal prerogatives by establishing and realizing the principle of "collegiality" (the rights of the assembled bishops and the restricted autonomy of the individual bishops in their dioceses). Even if many bishops were less overtaxed with administrative duties and more devoted to serious theological thought, they could err as a group as much as individually. Together with the "extraordinary" Teaching Office, the "ordinary" teaching expressed in the stream of the Church's tradition is subject to the possibility of error.
- "The Church will persist in truth *in spite of* all possible errors," not *because* it possesses a guarantee of protection against error. Like many an honest man, she pursues a lifelong search for truth, which entails learning the hard way. However, unlike other truth-seekers throughout the world, the Church has been given a special promise from God: Christ, the incarnate Word and Truth; and the Spirit will stay with her and make her a "pillar and bulwark of the truth," as well as a light that shines for all nations. Only by grace are sinful people such as the Christians accepted by God and sent out as his witnesses.
- While the way in which the Church has exercised authority is questionable, there is no reason to throw out the baby with the bath—*i.e.*, to imagine that the Church should do away with all authority. For there is the authority of Christ, which is a source of good authority. Good and necessary is "the authority of freedom" that makes men free, that is manifested when the Good News is proclaimed, that shines brightly in the humble service of men who claim no special authority for themselves.
- When the Roman Catholic Church denounced the Eastern Church, the Reformation, Galileo, the Enlightenment, modern science, and, lately, contraception, she was following a tradition and subjecting herself to a law that contradict the Gospel in letter and spirit. Fortunately, in the same Church there also lives another tradition that has never been muted: The voice of the Bible, and therefore the call of freedom, has never been completely subdued. The time has now come to return to the true apostolic mandate and prophetic tradition of the Church.
- A repenting and renewed Catholic Church will no longer be an obstacle to the reunion of all the churches that worship God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

Although it is exciting, *Infallible?* is not easy reading. The choice of arguments and the tone of voice change as frequently as in the religious pamphlets of the Reformation. There are elements of subtle biblical and theological scholarship, of personal piety and confession, of daring self-consciousness, of biting sarcasm and of bold vision. Professor Küng may overestimate the beneficial influence of "theologians," and oversimplifies somewhat in the historical sections of his book, and in the linguistic analytical portions. But just as there are times and occasions when tranquillity is more important than anything else, so there are periods and situations when polemics are appropriate. Though Küng appears to be a man who enjoys a good fight, his book was not written solely as polemic. Rather, it is a cry *de profundis*. This man not only knows the good things the Church has done and ought to do; he is aware of the burden of wrong done in and through the Church, and he has been deeply hurt by it. Love alone can inspire so urgent a plea.

In Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* one of the characters tells a story in which Jesus returns to sixteenth-century Seville. He is seized by the Grand Inquisitor, who calls Him a foolish utopian for giving men freedom when they prefer slavery with security. How does Jesus respond? "Behold, He silently approaches and kisses the man softly on his ninety-year-old lips. This is His only answer." The Inquisitor, who had earlier sentenced Jesus to be burned at the stake, says, "Go, and never return." Yet apparently Jesus still finds ways of returning.

Is Küng then still a true son of the Roman Catholic Church? The officials in Rome, the bishops and theologians, the people who constitute the Church can give an affirmative answer only at a price: a thorough overhauling of the doctrinal and administrative system to which they are still bound. Such a reform would dwarf the revolutionary steps already taken at the Second Vatican Council. If, however, the question posed by Küng is simply ignored, as though he were a fly attacking an elephant, then the fire kindled by him will smolder under the surface and eventually cause an explosion.

A third possibility is that Küng will leave the Church, but he will not do so voluntarily, for he has repeatedly rejected this alternative chosen by his friend Charles Davis and a number of Germans, who have turned their back upon the Church. He is convinced that a man who loves Jesus Christ will not display contempt for the people assembled in His name, however repulsive their behavior.

Yet Küng's own decision cannot protect him from the proverbial "fury of the theologians," and even less from the attempts of religious organization men to silence, brainwash, or expel him. Scholarship and personal piety have never been guarantees of safety, least of all when they have led to a rigorous attack on established religion. This does not mean that Dr. Küng has no chance to survive a concerted drive against him. When on an earlier occasion officials of the Roman Curia, acting through the papal nuncio, attacked Küng and his teaching, their efforts boomeranged. But the issue he raises now is too great to be handled through tactical methods.

The fundamental question is whether the Roman Catholic Church, despite John XXIII and the Second Vatican Council, is bound for time and eternity to a triumphal self-image. Are centralism, monarchic rule, static structure, fear of and prejudice against reformation and *aggiornamento* really so essential to its nature that the Church will never yield, not even to the Holy Spirit that makes men free? It may be well to remember that Galileo at the hour of his death said, "And yet it moves." Küng is convinced that the Church, too, can and does move.

While Hans Küng can hardly be called a devoted Roman Catholic, he certainly deserves to be regarded as a good Catholic Christian.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

More Light on "Fireflies"

ADEQUATE AS THE REVIEW of *Fireflies*, by Shiva Naipaul [*SR*, Mar. 20], was, two areas were either overlooked or carelessly omitted by the reviewer, Linda Hess. First, the title, which I would assume because of the novel's subject matter originates from Tagore's. By using it, Shiva Naipaul may be stating that the Khoja clan once produced the sparks when land, beauty, and jewels were instruments of power but is now disintegrating in the light of a changing world, modern Trinidad.

So many of Tagore's poems in his *Fireflies* could refer to the present book: "Life's play is swift/Life's playthings fall behind one by one/and are forgotten." "We gain freedom when we have paid the full/price for our right to live." "The glow-worm while exploring the dust/never knows that stars are in the sky." "There are seekers of wisdom and seekers of wealth,/I seek thy company so that I may sing."

Second, Miss Hess failed to place the Khoja clan within the society the author carefully delineates. Shiva Naipaul, I am sure, is acutely aware of the disintegration of old beliefs and tokens of colonial respect in the newly independent nations, such as Trinidad, which must solve their own economic and social problems in modern terms by pleasing and wooing the electorate (with rum, if necessary). Govind Khoja may represent the Indians who cling to anachronistic literary and social traditions while the electorate burns brightly outdoors and faces challenges in more practical ways. Also he may be saying that the ephemeral power of the Khojas has slipped into the hands of others on the island because of the clan's indifference to changing times.

Last, but not least, the photograph accompanying the review is of V.S. Naipaul, Shiva Naipaul's equally ironic and "pessimistic" brother.

SHIRLEY BUDHOS,
Jamaica, N.Y.

Unjust to Lenin

PROFESSOR SEYMOUR LIPSET, in his review of books on the counter-culture [*SR*, Mar. 20], is mistaken in saying that "Lenin described youthful protest as 'infantile leftism.'" The Russian title of Lenin's pamphlet on leftism is *Dyetskaya Bolyezn' "Lyevizny" v Kommunizmye*, meaning literally: "The Childhood Disease of 'Leftism' in the Communist Movement." The "childhood" referred to was not at all that of individuals or of a generation, but of the (at that time) very young Communist parties of Western Europe and the non-Russian world. The point of the title, of course, was that "leftism" is a disease, like mumps or chickenpox, to which the young are vulnerable but to which the mature have developed an immunity.

It appears that British pediatricians refer to childhood diseases as "infantile disorders." Lenin's title has thus been translated as: *Left-wing Communism—An Infantile Disorder*. Somewhere along the line a slipshod rearrangement of adjectives produced the very misleading reference to "infantile leftism." Professor Lipset has not merely repeated this by now common error but has embroidered on it by implying that the reference is to people rather than organizations. Not all of the individuals whom Lenin criticized by name were extremely youthful at the time. Some, indeed, were already grizzled veterans of the struggle. Professor Lipset does Lenin an injustice.

THOMAS A. GOLDMAN,
Bethesda, Md.

Counterrevolutionary Poison

FOR LIPSET TO TOUT an assemblage of such counterrevolutionary poison as the quartet of books he reviewed absolutely baffles me. Not because the arguments are so shattering (they are the same banal criticisms we have been hearing from the Establishment since sliced bread) but because a time-honored literary magazine such as yours, subscribed to by students and teachers, ought to remain with its neck sticking well out from the Left side of the battleground or it will find its subscriptions dropping off.

Lipset's essay is one great *put-down* of the counter-culture, not helpful criticism. These books should probably have been left to the obscurity they deserve except that now I am suspicious of Lipset's motives, and feel I must read all this drivel in case it might be inspirational after all. If they are as truly detrimental to the revolution as he makes it seem they are, if they are as demoralizing as he would have us believe, then he should be horsewhipped, which punishment he must no doubt be gray-headed enough to remember.

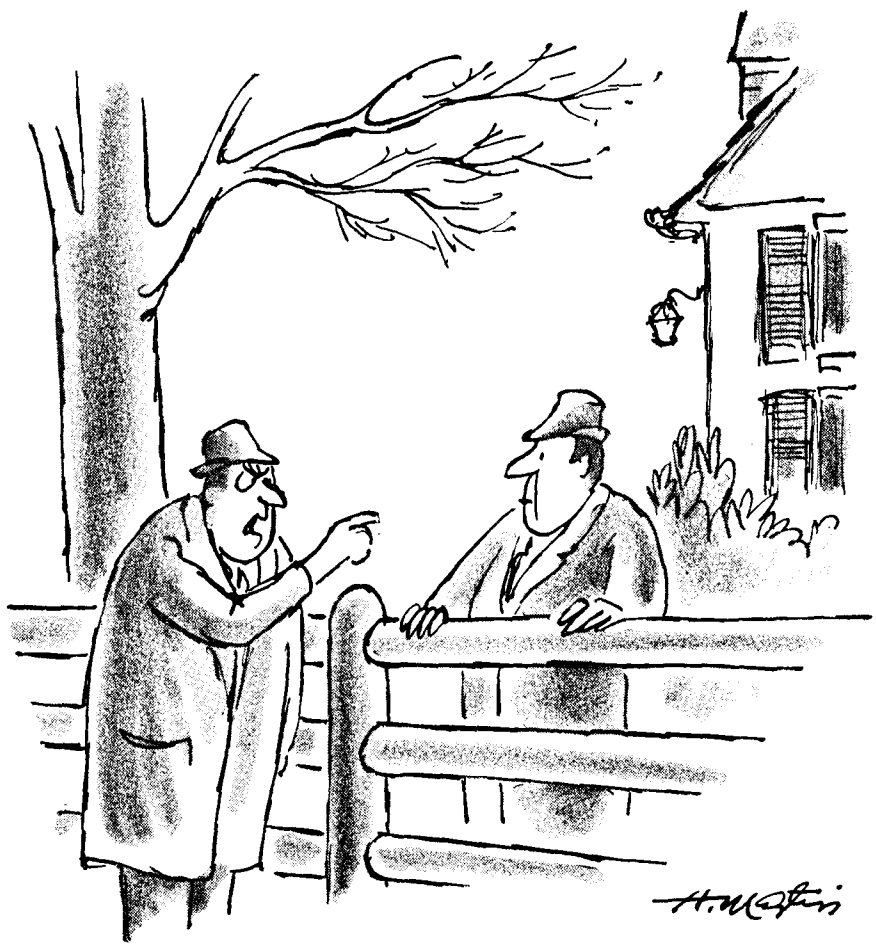
WARD SUMMER,
San Francisco, Calif.

Honorary Aryans

EVERY SERIOUS SCHOLAR, whether he be philologist or anthropologist, considers Arabs and Jews to be of the same racial stock. The languages and physical characteristics are so similar that it should be obvious even to a child or to Emil Knutzner [BOOK FORUM, Mar. 27].

For political reasons Alfred Rosenberg, chief Nazi racial theorist, and Adolf Hitler proclaimed the Arabs "Honorary Aryans." Perhaps that is Mr. Knutzner's information and inspiration?

JEREMIAH COOPER,
Rockville, Conn.



"A plague on both your houses! This one and the one in Miami."

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JESUS AND ISRAEL

by Jules Isaac
edited by Claire Huchet Bishop
translated from the French
by Sally Gran

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 405 pp., $12.50

THE STAR OF REDEMPTION

by Franz Rosenzweig
translated from the German
by William W. Hallo

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 436 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Samuel Sandmel

■ Both these books were written by European Jews, one a bit more than fifty years ago, the other not quite thirty years ago, and they now appear for the first time in English translation. Each is the author's response to the prevailing Jewish situation.

Jules Isaac, a general historian, had served with distinction in the French army during World War I and had risen to the post of Inspector General of Education in France. Though he had not been close to Jewish life and Judaism, the advent of the Nazis (who killed Isaac's wife and daughter) impelled him to question the bases of anti-Semitism. In *The Teaching of Contempt* and *Jesus and Israel*, as well as a number of essays, Isaac alleged that it was Christian anti-Semitism that had made Nazi anti-Semitism possible. His writings are an admirable mixture of deep passion and scholarly objectivity. Together with his personal activities they made a deep impression on French Catholics in the post-Hitler period, and thereafter on other Catholics. Claire Huchet Bishop, in the foreword to the English translation, contends rightly that without the work of Jules Isaac it is doubtful whether Vatican Council II would have proceeded to its Statement on the Jews.

The impact of the man, therefore, is historically of some moment, and an ordinary academic appraisal of his scholarship of much less consequence. Hence there is only one particular question that I would raise here. If we grant that Christian anti-Semitism has been the force that Isaac (and others) have demonstrated it to be, precisely when did it arise? In the Gospels themselves, or only later? At stake in the answer is the assessment we make of the Gospels. If they are essentially reliable history about Jesus, then passages in which Jesus castigated Judaism and his fellow-Jews could be little more severe than, or little different from, the comparable strictures found in the ancient prophets of Israel. Accordingly, since Jesus was a Jew, he was being critical from within, and loyally so. Only later did the Gospels undergo an interpretation whereby the Jewish loyalty of Jesus became distorted into an anti-Semitism which the Gospels, properly understood, are free of. This reading of them, which characterizes much of French Catholic scholarship and that of Isaac as well, is almost the opposite of views encountered in German or American Protestant scholarship, which minimizes the historical reliability of the Gospel traditions about Jesus and ascribes substantive anti-Semitism to the Gospels themselves. Since the Gospels continue to be read and taught in ongoing Christianity, this issue is more than an antiquarian problem.

In *Jesus and Israel* Isaac undertakes to refute those scholars who have seen Jesus as other than a loyal Jew, and who have attributed to Jesus himself a condemnation of Jews of all times. The nub of Isaac's book is contained in the last of twenty-one "propositions": "Whatever the sins of the people of Israel may be, they are innocent . . . of the crimes of which Christian tradition accuses them: they did not reject Jesus, they did not crucify him. And Jesus did not reject Israel, did not curse it. . . . May Christians come to realize this at last—may they realize and redress their crying injustices. . . ."

Even though, in my opinion, Isaac has too easily exonerated the Gospels, the editing and annotation of his book by Claire Huchet Bishop (who is a Roman Catholic) provide a gratifying reflection of that earnestness which I have encountered among Catholics to respond affirmatively to people such as Isaac.

Franz Rosenzweig was the scion of an "assimilated" German-Jewish family. Born in Cassel in 1886, he began to study medicine in 1905, but in 1907 turned to philosophy, earning his Ph.D. in 1912. The next year he thought seriously of adopting Christianity, as had a number of his relatives, because it seemed to him that the alternates available for Jews were either Christianity or pure secularism. His determination to convert had become strong when his attendance at worship on the Day of Atonement yielded a personal experience of such profundity that Franz Rosenzweig gave up forever any idea of changing his religion and became instead a staunchly committed Jew. To fulfill his desire to express his new convictions he began to write. His major work, *The Star of Redemption*, was begun while Rosenzweig was a soldier in the German army during World War I; he completed the book after the Armistice, and it was published in 1921.

Like certain Protestants of his time, Rosenzweig, who had become conversant with historical religious scholarship, found the Higher Criticism of the Bible scholars inadequate, not because it was necessarily wrong, but because it fell short of speaking to man's condition. German Protestant Bible scholars began to talk of the need for a "spiritual" exegesis to supplement "mere historicism." If, however, the antecedent philosophy and scholarship were to be criticized and abandoned, an alternate was urgently required, or an even greater spiritual emptiness could result. This alternative, both for Rosenzweig and for some Protestants, was available in the "existential" approach of such thinkers as Kirkegaard and Heidegger. Accordingly, Rosenzweig's work arises out of a specific context: Germany in the first decade of the twentieth century. *The Star of Redemption* is an inquiry of considerable depth, dimension, and, one must say, complexity.

After its publication, and for as long as his progressive physical debilitation permitted, Rosenzweig was the intel-

lectual mentor of German Jewry. With his friend and associate Martin Buber he produced a new translation of the Scriptures. Buber has since surpassed him in renown; to compare the two is futile, except to say that Rosenzweig was at least Buber's equal.

Rosenzweig died in 1929. Those of his associates and disciples who managed to escape from Hitler carried his fame, and their love for him, wherever they went. When American Jews in the late Thirties began to seek greater depth in theology than liberalism afforded, Rosenzweig's followers pointed to him as the spearhead in the new religious orientation.

The translation of *The Star of Redemption* is by William W. Hallo, a professor of Assyriology at Yale University and an eminent Semiticist. German-born, he is the son of Rudolf Hallo, an art historian who succeeded Rosenzweig in the Freie Jüdische Lehrhaus in Frankfurt. In large measure Professor Hallo's edition of this work is an expression of his devotion to the legacy he inherited from his father and his father's friends. Although Hallo is not the first to undertake a translation of *The Star of Redemption*, he is the first to have finished one. He speaks in his foreword of some of the formidable problems.

One feels an instinctive confidence in

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the responsibility of so fine a scholar as Hallo. At the same time, the difficulties in reading the book are immense. Chief among them, especially for the average American, is that the American positivist tradition in philosophy provides neither the background nor the mood for readily grasping what Rosenzweig has written. One is not faulting Hallo in suggesting that translation without clarifying commentary is insufficient. Fortunately, a splendid tool exists in Nahum Glatzer's excellent study, *Franz Rosenzweig: His Life and Thought*, which can be regarded as a companion volume to *The Star of Redemption*.

That the latter is regarded as the major Jewish work of modern theology in no way assures it an extended influence in this country. Quite possibly, many people who, having read Glatzer, have looked forward to the appearance of this translation will now find themselves as much frustrated as enlightened, simply because of the difference between Rosenzweig's European presuppositions and manner and those of Americans. Some, perhaps most, American Jews find Buber hard to follow; Rosenzweig is infinitely more abstruse. It would be too bad if the opportunity of reading *The Star of Redemption* were to fall victim to impatience. The book may never resound in American ears, but we ought to strain to hear the author's voice.

Samuel Sandmel is Distinguished Service Professor at Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1445

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout puzzle. Answer No. 1445 will be found in the next issue.

C GCL FLEN WLBXHUICLBU MYCI KU CQKL IF UFGXIYKLP CEHXCBN XTKUIKLP KL YKGUXEZ.

—ZHXBXHKO CGKXE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1444

After enough time has passed, all memories are beautiful.

—AUGUST STRINDBERG.

European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Violette Leduc's *La Bâtarde* (1964) outsold all her previous books put together. The first-person narrative vividly recreated her girlhood crises and emotions and her later experiences during France's black-market days. The book's success threw Mlle. Leduc into contact with the literary world of St.-Germain and Montparnasse, and these relationships form the substance of her new novel, *La Folie en tête* (to be published here in August by Farrar, Straus & Giroux under the title *Mad in Pursuit*). This autobiographical work recalls the heyday of Existentialism, when Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir could be glimpsed every day at the Café Flore. Cocteau, not yet an Academician, was still top dog, but the New Novelists were becoming known to an inner circle. Mme. de Beauvoir (who had written the foreword to *La Bâtarde*) introduced Violette to them.

In those years Mlle. Leduc's great passion, inevitably ill-starred, was for the "saint and martyr" Jean Genet. "A homosexual genius! What a plan for seduction I was imposing on myself! When he held court I always showed up early to be in the front row." Genet agreed to visit her in her Rue Paul-Bert flat, but her hopes foundered when he arrived accompanied by a male friend named Jacques. An invitation to dinner ended disastrously with Genet yanking off the tablecloth, scattering food and dishes, and rushing out. Violette went to his apartment, found him in bed, and covered him with kisses. "He caressed my hair casually. Did he dream he was being tender with somebody else?" Her loneliness ("I am," she once said, "a desert speaking monologues") and her impossible quest for happiness are evocative of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Both writers depict the heartbreak of the no-longer-young, Bohemian woman of letters. Mlle. Leduc could not sound more like Millay when she reflects, "The older I grow, the less I consider myself guilty for having loved those who did not love me."

With love stories back in fashion, we can be grateful for Franco Ferrucci's *L'anatra nel cortile* (Rizzoli). The titular duck in the courtyard, by the way, is a symbol, like the heron in Giorgio Bassani's *Airone*, of man's frustrated condition. This novel is a first-person narrative which traces its unnamed hero through his impoverished childhood north of Genoa, his university days in Pavia, and the tragic love that blighted his teaching career in Pisa. (These cities are favorite settings for Ferrucci, who was born in Pisa in 1936 and earned his doctorate in letters in 1959 at Pavia, where he was a student and disciple of the celebrated professor-novelist Maria Corti.) *Anatra* records the spiritual evolution of a timid, sensitive, and observant child into a learned young instructor who is just as vulnerable and introspective in his twenties as in his teens.

Every Italian town has its mood and physical character, different from those of any other, and all are totally unlike Rome. It is not easy to be a lonely young man in a provincial town. The hero finds Pavia less than congenial. He disbelieves people like his friend Ferrante who say they want to spend a lifetime there. It has the usual dreariness of small towns ("Everyone's sleeping here—this is Pavia!"). Yet its natural beauty and its stunning river, the Ticino, console him whenever he is lonely or depressed. The same holds for Pisa, which he scornfully views as "an eternal transit-station." When his great love crumbles it is the sea, the shore, and the natural beauty of the Ligurian coast that are his salvation.

Because both the hero and his beloved Lina are introspective and inarticulate, their love blossoms slowly. For the same reasons it dies. Required by illness to spend a summer resting and recuperating on the shore, the hero is hurt and angered by the lack of letters from Lina, who writes only an inchoate note painfully saying that she is incapable of declaring on paper that she loves him. When he finally leaves his sickbed to race back to Pisa, Lina has disappeared.

According to statistics gathered for 1970 by the Deutsche Bühnenverein (German Theater Society), the most popular playwright of the German-speaking world, including Austria and Switzerland, is Friedrich Dürrenmatt. His biggest hit, *Play Strindberg* (a reworking of Strindberg's most brutal marital drama, *Dance of Death*), was performed 700 times in thirty-three theaters. His version of Shakespeare's *King John* ended up in ninth place, with 297 performances in fifteen theaters.

Yet in recent weeks Dürrenmatt has disappointed his followers: *Porträt eines Planeten*, which premiered at Düsseldorf in an arena production, lacked the irony and black humor that delighted them in *Mississippi* and *The Physicists*. The work is a series of

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twenty-five short scenes covering what Victor Hugo called the "legend of the centuries," carrying man from original sin in Eden to power politics, space exploration, and, of course, Vietnam—a theme now so common on European stages that a bulky thesis could be written on the plays devoted to the subject. Reviewer Hans Schwab Felisch, perhaps remembering that Dürrenmatt is the son of a pastor and a former student of theology, saw him "at the parting of the ways, moving toward becoming a religious dramatist but still hesitating." It would be a regression, for Dürrenmatt's *Angel Came to Babylon* (1954) was a religious parable. Other critics missed the "grim wit of old" or found the "satire too heavy and the statement too plain."

Dürrenmatt will be fifty years old on the first of next month. Secure in theatrical and literary history, he feels no need to answer his worried critics. "These matters are my own concerns," he wrote, "and hence it is unnecessary to invoke the whole world and to make out that my concerns are the concerns of art in general, lest I be like the drunkard who goes back to Noah, the Flood, and Original Sin to explain what is after all his own weakness. In art the rule is, 'No excuses, please.'"

Klaus Rifbjerg (born 1931) is a controversial novelist, playwright, poet, and film critic well known around Copenhagen. After a period of writing modernist lyrics, he has turned to plays and novels. His play *The Court Jester* opened a week ago and promises much excitement. Meanwhile the tremendous sensation created by his novel *March 1970* (Gyldendal) has yet to simmer down. In this prose fantasy the heiress to the Danish throne, Princess Margrethe, and Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme fall madly in love and run off together. The sympathetically imagined love affair of these real-life people is not what worried the Danish reviewers. They were more disturbed about the caricatures of other types around Copenhagen: politicians, journalists, members of the Establishment, and even rebels of the New Left. Such audacity leads Sven Holm in the weekly *NB!* to observe that "*March 1970* was not only written with the left hand, but was created by a heavy, clumsy fist of concrete." As for Rifbjerg, he wonders what the fuss is all about. "To me it is exciting that these people, who have official stamps with their names on them, can take on another life. The publishing house asked me if I thought they ought to send a copy to the princess. I said yes. I think she will be pleased, since the book is really almost a proclamation of love."

FRAME-UP:
The Martin Luther King/
James Earl Ray Case

by Harold Weisberg

Outerbridge & Dienstfrey/Dutton, 518 pp., $10

Reviewed by Fred J. Cook

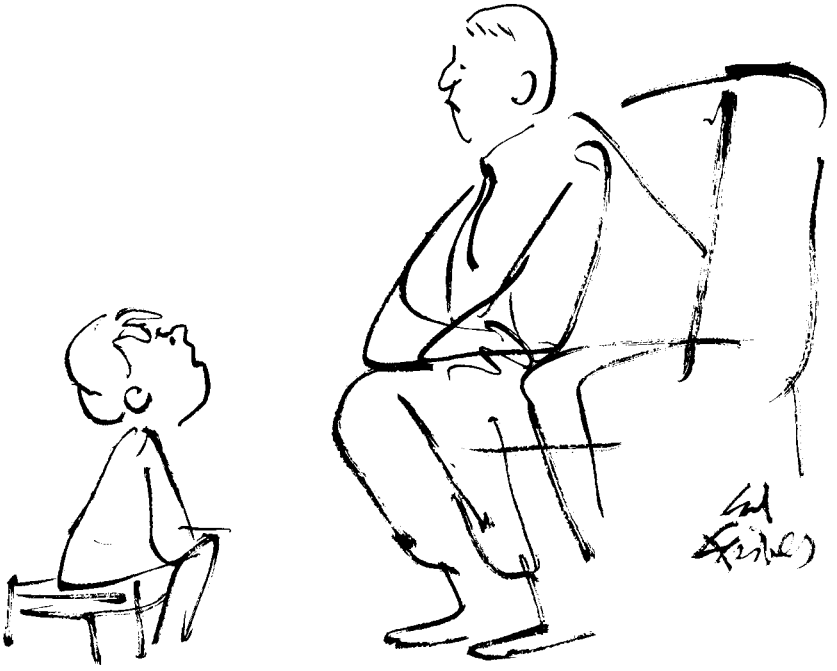
■ On March 10, 1969, in a Memphis courtroom, the curtain rose on one of the most brazen travesties of justice ever to disgrace America. James Earl Ray, the accused killer of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was to go on trial. But there was no trial. There was instead a deal between judge, prosecutor, and defense attorney. Ray would plead guilty in exchange for a life sentence, and the court would return the verdict so much desired by the American Establishment: Ray had acted alone.

The drama ran as smoothly as a well-plotted Hollywood film—up to a point. Then James Earl Ray spoke. He did not agree, he said, with Attorney General Ramsey Clark and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, who had been insisting there was no conspiracy. Here was the man who had to know, and, at some risk to himself, he was telling the court that the script was phony. Defense Attorney Percy Foreman, who had had to browbeat his unwilling client into copping a plea instead of standing trial, leaped into the breach. It was not necessary, he said, for Ray to accept everything; all that mattered was that he was pleading guilty to the crime. Was he? the judge asked. Yes, Ray said, and the juggernaut of official machinery rolled over his feeble but courageous protest.

Harold Weisberg, a onetime government investigator who has devoted himself to a pursuit of the ignored or suppressed facts about political assassinations, has now turned to the case of James Earl Ray in the book he calls *Frame-Up*. He does not doubt that Ray was implicated in the King assassination, but his thesis is that Ray filled the same role Lee Harvey Oswald did in the assassination of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas. In Weisberg's view Ray, like Oswald, was not the killer; he was the decoy, the patsy, the man meant to be caught.

Weisberg shows that in the King case, just as in Dallas, a baffling use was made of doubles. Just as there is evidence that two men used the name of Lee Harvey Oswald, so is there evidence that someone besides James Earl Ray knew and used some of his various aliases. Here are a few of the points Weisberg raises:

Ray's arrest at Heathrow (London) Airport, June 8, 1968. According to Scotland Yard, Ray, traveling under the name of Ramon George Sneyd, came into the airport about 6:15 A.M. on a flight from Lisbon. While waiting for his plane to refuel and fly on to Brussels, he wandered unnecessarily into the immigration section for incoming passengers and was spotted and detained. But on that date a man using the name of Ramon George



"That's all you did in the big war, Dad—keep an eye on this guy Hopkins?"

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Sneyd was living—and had been for several days—at the Pax Hotel in London. He left about 9:15 the same morning to catch a plane for Brussels. The FBI's reconstruction of the case was based upon the proposition that Sneyd No. 2 was really Ray. The landlady of the Pax was subpoenaed for possible appearance in the Memphis farce, which the press dubbed "the minitrial." She said afterwards that she had been warned by an FBI agent, accompanied by four Scotland Yard operatives, that she was only to answer the questions she was asked—she was not to volunteer anything. When she remarked that she had found a hypodermic syringe in "Sneyd's" room after he left, she was "virtually told" she must be lying because Ray was not a narcotics addict. Was this all just some kind of official foul-up in announcing the details of Ray's arrest? No; as Weisberg shows by correspondence he reproduces, Scotland Yard was insisting in November 1968—five and a half months later—that the man it had arrested arrived on a Lisbon flight. Who, then, was the man at the Pax who had been using Ray's alias?

The two white Mustangs. The official version states that after Ray shot Dr. King from the bathroom window of a Memphis flophouse, he made his escape in a 1966 white Mustang he had purchased secondhand in Birmingham, Alabama. He drove some 400 miles through the night and abandoned the car in an Atlanta parking lot, where it was not discovered for days. But there is abundant evidence that two similar white Mustangs were parked in the street near the flophouse at the time of the slaying. According to eyewitnesses, both had red and white license plates—one set were Alabama tags, the other Arkansas. Furthermore, the Mustang which Ray had purchased in Birmingham had an automatic shift, while the one abandoned in Atlanta, with Ray's license plates on it, had a stick shift. The ashtray of the abandoned Mustang was overflowing with cigarette butts—and Ray does not smoke. No mention of model or serial numbers, which would have identified the Mustang positively, was made at the Memphis minitrial, and, though the car must have been splattered with fingerprints, there was no indication that the FBI had found a single print of Ray's in this, his supposed getaway car—evidence that almost certainly would have been flaunted, if it existed, to rivet the case beyond doubt.

The duplicate driver's license. In early March 1968 Ray was in Los Angeles attending bartender's school and getting his pointed nose clipped by a plastic surgeon. Records establish his presence there beyond doubt. But, at this very time, the Alabama Highway Patrol received a telephone call from a man calling himself Eric Starvo Galt (the alias Ray had used in Birmingham). The caller said he had lost his driver's license and needed a duplicate, and gave the address of the Birmingham rooming house at which Ray had stayed. The duplicate license was mailed; the small fee required for this service was promptly paid—and Ray was not in Birmingham, but in California, nearly a continent away. The evidence seems unchallengeable that someone other than Ray—the rooming-

house proprietor could not say who—had picked up the duplicate license and mailed the fee.

The telltale bundle. According to the official version, Ray, after shooting King, walked out of the flophouse, deposited a bundle almost in the doorway of an adjacent café, strolled down the street, and drove off in his Mustang. The bundle contained the rifle Ray had purchased and which supposedly did the killing, put carefully back into its cardboard carrying case and wrapped in a green bedspread, along with a pair of binoculars which Ray had bought that very afternoon and which were decorated with his fingerprints. There was also a shaving set he had purchased the day before—and, most helpful of all, a transistor radio he had acquired while in Missouri State Prison, with his prison number stenciled on it. Weisberg holds that it defies belief that the real killer would have taken the time to insert the rifle in its case and wrap up all these articles, then just drop them on the street instead of taking them with him in the Mustang. Such an action, he argues logically, can be reconciled only with the role of a man serving as decoy in an elaborate plot.

Evidence that Ray fired the shot. There is none. The medical examiner's testimony at the minitrial failed to establish the first essential—the trajectory of the shot that killed Dr. King. *Paris-Match* tried the experiment of re-enacting the crime and found that the killer would have had to be a contortionist to have fired from the bathtub, as was alleged. Ballistics testimony was worthless. Dr. King had been killed by a soft-nosed dumdum bullet; when it struck it exploded and fragmented. The prosecution claimed the largest fragment was "consistent" with a shot fired from Ray's rifle. That is the very word used by a corrupt prosecution in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, when a police expert who was convinced fatal shots had *not* been fired from a given revolver was asked whether it was "consistent" that they had. He could answer "Yes," since the shots had obviously been fired from a revolver. So here "consistent" means only that the bullet fragment came from a rifle. The term that so deceived press and public does not meet the first requirement of proof—that the ballistics expert be able to testify the shot came from Ray's rifle and no other.

There is more, much more, in Weisberg's book. There is the question of how Ray, alone and unaided, a stranger in Canada, managed to come up with aliases that were the real names of three living men who looked much like him, in one case even to a similar scar on the face. There is the mystery of his free-spending, cross-continental Canadian-Mexican spree, and of how a penny-ante crook like Ray came by so much money. There is the business of the phony police radio broadcast on the night of the assassination, graphically describing a gun battle with a fleeing car, which led police north out of Memphis and away from the assassin's escape route. The reek of conspiracy is on everything.

Weisberg is an indefatigable researcher. Unfortunately, he is not a skilled writer. His book suffers from lack of organization and conciseness. He mentions an issue in passing, then pages or even chapters later he goes back and worries it. He repeatedly lashes out at virtually all concerned in the minitrial as liars and scoundrels, devoting long passages to denunciation instead of the cool presentation of evidence. Though his indignation is in most instances thoroughly justified, it gets in the way of the story.

But when all this has been said, Weisberg remains invaluable. He has pursued the facts, and they are there, buried in the mass of his book. And they are facts that lay claim to the conscience of America. For it should be clear by now that, if the assassinations of some of the nation's most outstanding leaders are to be dismissed with the "one man-no conspiracy" refrain, there will be no deterrent to conspiracies in the future whenever hate may point the way and pull the trigger. And, in that event, this greatest of democracies will have been reduced to the status of a Latin American banana republic. That is the issue.

Fred J. Cook is the author of "The Troubled Land," "The Secret Rulers," and "The FBI Nobody Knows."

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THE SEASON OF THE WITCH

by James Leo Herlihy

Simon & Schuster, 384 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ Gloria Random wants to find her "real father," who now teaches history in New York City. On the night before she leaves her mother's "plastic palace" in Detroit, Gloria is overjoyed: "Reality. Wow. And to think it starts *tomorrow*! If I weren't just faintly stoned, I'd probably faint and turn to stone."

Not a chance. Seventeen-year-old Gloria is so insistently alive that she bolts out of the book and takes up permanent residence in the reader's mind. Those who remember the Williams family in *All Fall Down*, or Joe Buck and Ratso Rizzo of *Midnight Cowboy*, will not be surprised by James Leo Herlihy's ability to create living characters. In *The Season of the Witch* he also brings a society to life—the subculture of men and women who radically change their way of viewing and ordering reality.

Traveling to New York with her friend John ("He's my guru, I'm his earth mother."), Gloria first changes her name. She thinks about Hank, her father, whose second name is pronounced "Gliz Witch." Suddenly inspired, she reverses the syllables and dubs herself "Witch Gliz." "People are always telling me I'm a witch, so why shouldn't I be called that?" John, who's evading the draft, calls himself "Roy."

Soon after they move into Manhattan, they join an East Village commune, described by one of its members as the "Canal Street Experimental Station en route to Utopia." Here the Witch enjoys a hip season with all her spiritual brothers and sisters. She engages in mystical "zaps," flies high on grass, and records her experiences in a gracefully rowdy journal.

But Mr. Herlihy doesn't trade in routine images. In the most ambitious and rewarding novel he's yet written, he looks beyond the beards and bell bottoms of the love generation and explores the anxiety felt by people who resist established codes. Gloria's search for her "real father" becomes a troubling metaphor that represents each character's quest for private certainties. "It's dangerous as hell to live by your own sense of reality," remarks Peter, a former psychoanalyst and now patriarch of this postnuclear family. "I can't promise any of you you won't end up in prisons or concentration camps or insane asylums. In fact those are all very real possibilities."

Gloria's possibilities are more varied. "The love child of a Polish Jew who'd been thrown out of three universities for preaching communism," she peppers her journal with a tangy ambivalence toward life. Disturbed by the lies she wires home to her mother, confused by the sensual force Hank, her newly found father, generates, Gloria is a quirky, honest blend of revolutionary hopes and middle-class fears.

Nothing in her past prepares her for Hank's reality. Her father, a "refugee from Hitler's Europe," has contempt for all utopias. "If a man knows history, he never feels encouraged," he observes. Without examining her motives, Gloria fails to reveal that she's his daughter and subtly stimulates his sexual interest in her. After a painfully comic scene in which she and Peter discuss incest taboos, she tells Hank the truth and triggers a series of events that are both uproarious and deeply moving.

Her underground notes comprise a first-person narrative that gives Mr. Herlihy the distance to distinguish between Gloria's genuine desire to understand herself and her more "random"

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reflections when spaced out on drugs. Since Gloria cultivates peaceful and loving thoughts, she could have dissolved into a vapid advocate of good will. Mr. Herlihy controls the material by making her a sardonic critic of her own actions, a girl who gradually learns that reality is far more complicated than she imagined.

Gloria's mother springs to startling life in a climactic scene. Outside of Gloria, Hank, and Peter, however, the characters are painted in attractive primary colors: John, who evades the draft but finally accepts and enjoys his homosexuality; Sally Sunflower ("No one knows how many soldiers she's talked into putting down their guns"); the yoga teacher Cary Colorado; Doris, who runs the commune with smooth, maternal efficiency; the mysterious, death-tripping Archie Fiesta, and Edward, a cosmetician who yearns to beautify the world through "Instant Charisma."

There's also Sara the Ghost, with whom Gloria, during one of her acid trips, chats. The woman, who originally lived in the tenement now shared by Peter and his family, is happy to haunt such a friendly house. ("I can't tell you how much you've helped my head," she tells Gloria). She knows that Gloria's occasional pseudonym is "Witch Gliz" because she's been watching her write in her journal.

Once again Gloria is delighted: "Wow, I thought. I've got a reader!" And she deserves many more.

Joseph Catinella is a New York-based writer and reviewer.

THE PASSIONS OF THE MIND: A Biographical Novel of Sigmund Freud

by Irving Stone

Doubleday, 840 pp., $10

Reviewed by Edwin Fadiman, Jr.

■ Beginning in 1934 with *Lust for Life*, based on the life of Vincent van Gogh, Irving Stone has produced a succession of *vies romancées* that have, almost without exception, been superbly researched, admirably constructed, unfailingly interesting, and indifferently written. Basically, his latest, an exhaustive investigation into the life of Sigmund Freud, follows the rule. It is a stunning job of research, with a bibliography that has to be seen to be believed. The author's integrity is revealed in every line. But it is precisely this glacial earnestness, this obsession with detail that make *The Passions of the Mind* praiseworthy yet dull.

Freud was probably the most audacious guesser of the early twentieth century. His delvings into the recesses of the human psyche have affected, and will continue to affect, the lives of us all. The 800-odd pages that Stone devotes to Freud's life and times could as easily have been 8,000, for there are some minds that cannot be contained in any book, no matter what its length.

Encompassed here are Freud's professional development as a psychiatrist; his sojourn in Paris and subsequent discovery of the pathology of male hysteria; his use of hypnotism, from which emerged, finally, his concept of the sexual unconscious mind; Freud's famous early cases, upon whose convoluted confusions was to be erected the science of psychoanalysis; and the genesis of Freud's revolutionary theory that neuroses are subject to nonphysical laws.

By an unusual effort Irving Stone has made himself knowledgeable in a field that ordinarily takes ten to fifteen years of professional training. And his exposition of the facts is remarkable indeed. This, however, is only one part of the responsibility of the writer of fiction. The other demand, that of art, is, unfortunately, neglected. It's true that Freud's life—*gemütlich, petit bourgeois*—was not very colorful. He was no van Gogh, with a life tailor-made to the novelist (what better material than a painter who slices off his ear to send to a whore, and who ends his days in an insane asylum?).

Instead, we have a curious, intelligent physician, whose adventures and drama are almost all cerebral. In Stone's hands, passions of the mind are not enough to provide the dramatic tension so necessary to a novel. Tension and drama spring from conflict, but detailed here is a long contented existence, essentially replete with success and dowdy Viennese comfort. Freud's emotional life, his wife, his family, his disciples come across, frankly, as one big yawn. Nevertheless, *The Passions of the Mind* is still a valuable work because, leaving aside its dubious fictional content, what remains is a well-documented, honest biography of an exceedingly important man.

Edwin Fadiman, Jr.'s latest novel is "The One-Eyed King," to be published this month by Bernard Geis.

LAME DUCK

by E. M. Beekman

Houghton Mifflin, 242 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by John W. Hughes

■ The is the kind of book that causes the élite commissars of the *Times Literary Supplement* (London) to mutter dark phrases about the "decline of the novel." They will condemn it, no doubt, as part of some sinister American tendency toward a Joycean subversion of the Great Tradition. Hugo Lenz, the central figure in *Lame Duck*, is an updated Leopold Bloom, a compulsive monologist who wanders around Amsterdam's streets and canals with a crippled leg and a desire to taste the satisfactions of *le néant*. Hugo sees life as a hive of buzzing inauthenticity, an existential ballet featuring torturers and their victims—and he decides he wants out. His teeming brain begins to break through the surface tension of bad faith into a Laingian inner world of fantasy:

> Calling me dull! How dared she? . . . She doesn't know that I have no limits to my imagination and no barriers around my world. I am not a Polaroid however. I detest quick-sketch artists. Believe that there is reason to my madness; nightsweat and nightmares before the job is done . . . .

Lame Duck, E. M. Beekman's first novel, is a frontal attack on the Polaroid principle. Joycean surreality and the manic techniques of the black humorists are brought together to expose the quick-sketch reifications of both conventional society and the realistic novel. And when Hugo makes a few final tries at reconciling himself to the "sane" world, the results are alternately funny and terrifying. He meets Feld, a beer salesman who served in the French Foreign Legion and gleefully murdered Vietnamese peasants. He courts Nadine, a foxy green-eyed music student who finds Hugo amusing and invites him to her bed. He joins the madcap pedant, Scop, on a midnight expedition to steal a bust of Shakespeare from the university. And he translates and writes pornographic epics for Latro, a publisher who dreams of exporting guerrilla revolution to the tropics. But however erotic and zany Hugo's experiences be-

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 d (Cozzens), 2a (Green), 3 l (Bulwer-Lytton), 4g (Richards), 5k (Daniele), 6i (Weenolsen), 7c (Merton), 8e (Cooper), 9b (Santayana), 10f (Chapman), 11 j (Fitzgerald), 12h (Johnson).

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come, the Void always manages to monopolize his attention:

> What am I missing? When you strip the layers of an onion there is no pit, no kernel, no center; there is no real onionness, only the sum of parts fooling the whole. Even Scop acted like a kid in a meadow this morning. There is always a danger painted over the canals when I look too long.

The dangers become darker, more ominous. Amsterdam is suddenly set ablaze by an unknown arsonist. Hugo flees to a quiet café, but the polite waiter seems to conceal an Eichmann within his "polished servility which has raised itself above a job into an abstraction." He meets Lusis, a Jewish student whose family was wiped out by the Nazis, and the "nickelodeon" of Hugo's imagination begins to show him that Nazis are everywhere, that the tiniest spark of bad faith can flare up into the fireball of Hiroshima. He tries to escape these persistent intuitions by flinging himself into the warm depths of Nadine's sensuality. She leaves him, however, filling him with an unbearable sense of tragedy. He sees that only the authentic word or glance of another can save us from dread and dissolution.

But Hugo has also come to understand mankind's frantic *noli me tangere*, the omnipresent cancer of the human soul. Murderers begin to populate his dreams, reality blurs, and the novel ends with a psychotic nightmare-vision of human depravity.

Beekman is to be commended for this concise and poetic journey into the bedlam of our repressed fantasies. However, his dialogue and parts of his narrative are a bit clumsy and formal. My major qualm is that Hugo's interior monologue is overly coherent and academic, the symbolic patterns too Mallarméian. Beekman follows Joyce and Sartre when he introduces the random inscapes of experience into his art, but he also wants to play the formalist game of Pound and Robbe-Grillet. His ignorance of colloquial effects (Beekman was born in Holland and now lives and teaches in Massachusetts) accentuates this estheticism. Also, some of his symbolic routines are repeated too often and with an Imagist cuteness, which weakens the otherwise credible intensity of an inner world where sanity and madness are players in a deadly drama of mistaken identity.

John W. Hughes is a free-lance writer and critic.

FROM PUZZLES TO PORTRAITS: Problems of a Literary Biographer

by James L. Clifford

University of North Carolina Press, 151 pp., $6

SAMUEL JOHNSON: A Survey and Bibliography of Critical Studies

by James L. Clifford and Donald J. Greene

University of Minnesota Press, 333 pp., $12.75

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND THE LIFE OF WRITING

by Paul Fussell

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 303 pp., $9.50

Reviewed by Robert Halsband

■ For the past quarter of a century Columbia University has harbored the source of a virulent infection. The source is James Clifford, still active as a professor emeritus, and the infection is Samuel Johnsonitis. In the world beyond Morningside Heights, and as far away as the Antipodes, Clifford has made his mark as the editor of the *Johnsonian News Letter*, a modest and benign gossip sheet, which has recently received the ultimate accolade of publication in bound volumes by one of the new reprint houses. He has also written two solid and widely praised biographies: a definitive (for our time) life of Hester Thrale Piozzi, the fascinating woman who figured so largely in Johnson's life, and the remarkably sensitive and subtle *Young Sam Johnson*. (Mr. Clifford's publisher in England formalized "Sam" into "Samuel.")

Over the years Mr. Clifford has searched and researched for materials to use in his biographies, and he now reminisces in a pleasantly informal little book about his adventures and what they resulted in. *From Puzzles to Portraits* is divided into two parts: "Finding the Evidence" and "Putting the Pieces Together."

The first part recalls Mr. Clifford's experiences as a scholar-detective. His most enthralling tale recounts his hunt for a hoard of Thrale-Piozzi manuscripts he had seen mentioned in a "vague footnote" to an obscure volume, and believed to be somewhere in Wales. These he tracked down to a farmhouse owned by a stubborn, suspi-

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cious farmer. Through his own stubbornness, supported by cash, he was able to secure the precious documents. In ironic contrast, he doggedly pursued an important, supposedly lost Thrale letter only to have it turn up in the possession of a Johnsonian in Buffalo, who had somehow omitted it from the printed catalogue of his collection. Not all Mr. Clifford's investigations were exciting: he had to examine legal documents, bank records, tax rolls, and similar material, no matter how dull, in order to collect all the bits and pieces.

What a biographer does with his bits and pieces offers a wide range of possibilities. He may simply print all the evidence without attempting to arrange it into a pattern, as has been done for Milton, Melville, and D. H. Lawrence. At the other extreme—fictional biography—he can invent action and dialogue that presumably conform to the general contours of the subject's life. The scholarly biographer generally takes a middle way: he sticks to documented facts, but interprets and shapes them in an attempt to create a work that is both authentic and artistic. Mr. Clifford's glimpses into his own workshop will interest readers curious to know how this is achieved.

Mr. Clifford has also collaborated with Donald J. Greene on *Samuel Johnson: A Survey and Bibliography of Critical Studies*. The volume contains nearly 4,000 entries on books and articles written on Johnson since his own day, with a thirty-page introduction charting the vicissitudes of his reputation as character and author. The bibliography is a masterpiece of organization, easy to use and impeccably accurate. It will be an indispensable tool for anyone who wishes to add his labors to the Johnson industry, and amateur enthusiasts, who pop up in unexpected places, will find it a useful if sobering companion.

Perhaps it is time we read Johnson's works themselves. That is evidently what Paul Fussell hoped to encourage with *Samuel Johnson and the Life of Writing*. A finicky reader—this reviewer, for example—may wonder about the precise meaning of such a phrase as "the life of writing." Does writing have a life? More accurately expressed, the book is about Johnson as a writer instead of as a character. Whether the man can be divorced from the writer is problematic, and Mr. Fussell's frequent references to Johnson's personality show how difficult it is to discuss literary works as though they were the product of test tubes rather than of living people.

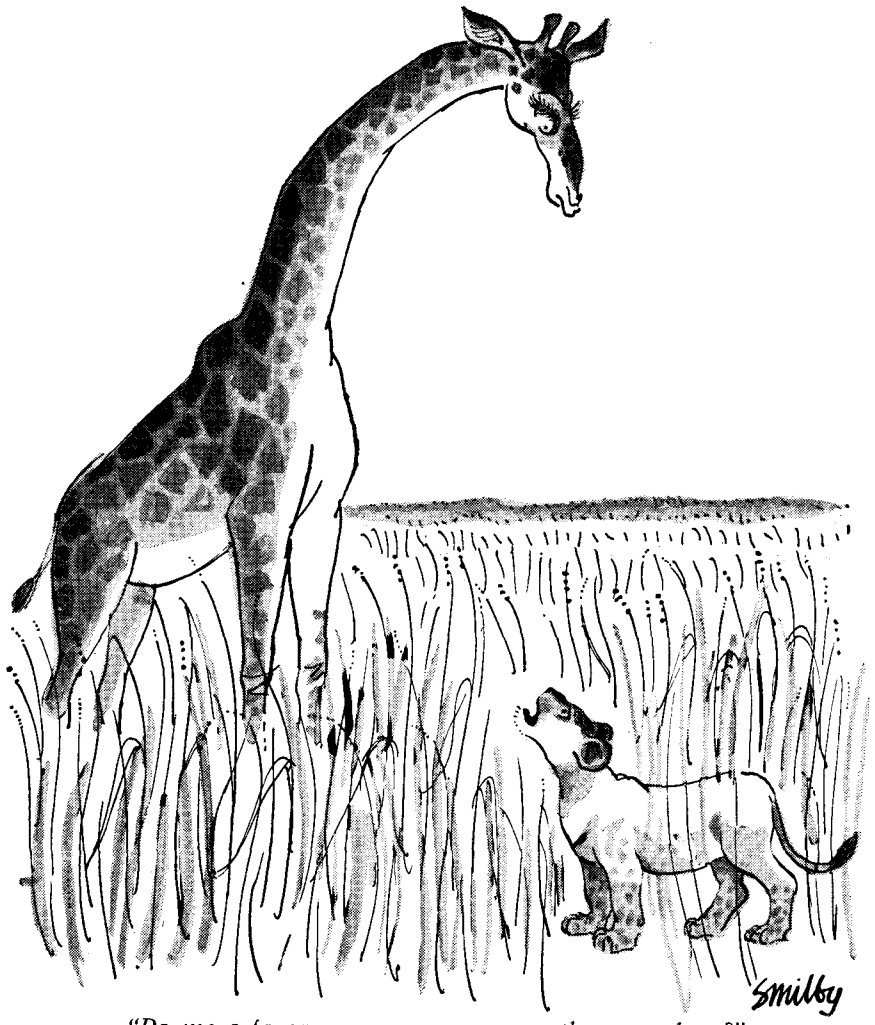
After a clumsy biographical chapter, Mr. Fussell discourses on Johnson's attitude toward authorship and on the literary theories of his period. These are important concepts for the reader who wishes to appreciate eighteenth-century literature with the fullest understanding. The second half of the book deals with four of Johnson's major works: the *Rambler* essays, the *Dictionary*, *Rasselas*, and *The Lives of the Poets*.

So much has been published on Johnson and his writings (as the Clifford-Greene bibliography attests) that it is difficult to say anything new or startling about either. Mr. Fussell's text is peppered with quotations from other studies. This may be fine for the classroom, but in a book one flinches at yet another "As so-and-so writes. . . ." Then, perhaps in a desperate quest for new insights, Mr. Fussell sometimes inflates an episode unduly—the Chesterfield altercation, for example—or teases an overingenious significance out of a passage. When Princess Nekayah, the sister of Rasselas, speaks of founding a women's college "in which she would preside," Mr. Fussell holds up the phrase (while playing down its context) as Johnson's ironic suggestion that the princess was really excited by "the heady image of domination, exercised through the very modern technique of academic administration." (Is this an attempt to make Johnson relevant to campus rhetoric?) Johnson in fact devoutly believed in a stratified society; he would not have expected a princess to "level herself down" to her handmaidens.

The uneven quality of both the ideas and the writing can perhaps be attributed to the mixed origins of the book. Some sections are elegantly composed; others are gauche and careless, as though transcribed verbatim from lectures or seminars. How can we otherwise account for the appearance of such expressions as "Ho, hum," "Uh huh"?

Will such a book persuade readers to take Johnson's works down from the shelf? I doubt it. But it may induce the comfort of recognition or the shock of dissent in those who have the works close at hand. A book that does much better what is attempted here is W. J. Bate's *The Achievement of Samuel Johnson*, which has among its virtues a beautifully articulated structure and prose style worthy of the master himself.

Robert Halsband, biographer of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, has contributed to the Johnson industry.



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World of Dance

Walter Terry

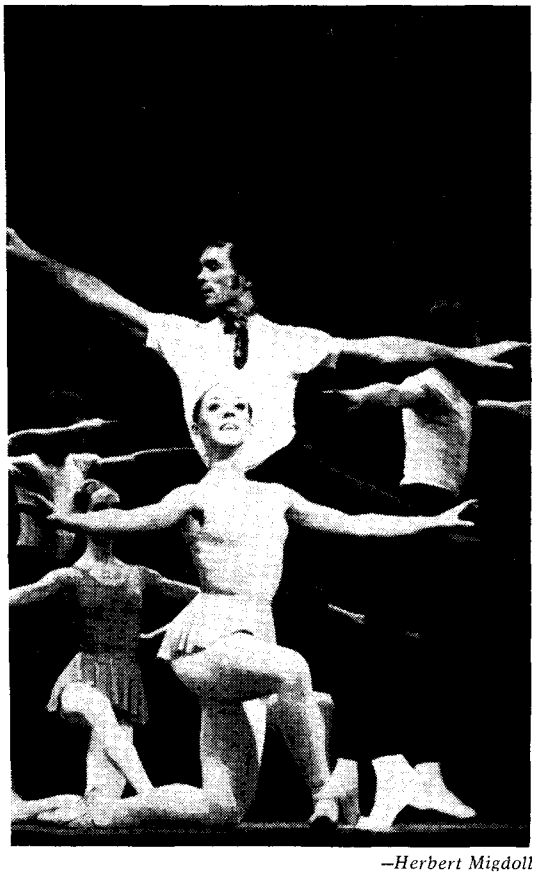
"Her Feet Go Wickety-Wack"

THE City Center Joffrey Ballet's new production of George Balanchine's *Square Dance* (its fourth and final novelty of the winter-spring season at the City Center) is a honey. It is a delicious ballet, linking the past and the present, the princely and the rural, the most elegant of music (Corelli and Vivaldi) and the shouts of a square-dance caller, which may possibly have been ahead of its time in a pre-country music era when Balanchine's own New York City Ballet first did it in 1957. Way back then, when Patricia Wilde was the ballerina, she executed *gargouillades* (which have been defined as gargling with the feet, since they are made up of a *pas de chat* complicated with *rond de jambe en dehors* and *en dedans*), all of which prompted the Caller to advise, "Keep your eyes on Pat; her feet go wickety-wack."

Well, Miss Wilde has retired, but Elisha C. Keeler is still the Caller, and the female dancer's feet, in this case belonging to Francesca Corkle, still go wickety-wack. The orchestra, on a bandstand, is on stage, the Caller stands by the musicians, and the dancers use the rest of the stage for their patterns and their classical steppings. There is no literal pursuit of what the Caller asks for—although you will see a passing star formation, a promenade, and a do-si-do—since the relationship is no closer than the American do-si-do to its ancestral *dos-à-dos*, just as the Corelli and Vivaldi airs are separated only by musical sophistication from the court dance rhythms of an earlier era.

Not only does Miss Corkle dance *Square Dance* with bubbling energy, but so do the handsome Paul Sutherland, with fleetness of foot to match his grin, the assisting soloists, and the ensemble. Rochelle Zide and Victoria Simon staged the work with a fine awareness of its values—technical, musical, romantic—and let us hope it stays on stage for many seasons to come.

The Joffrey dancers, in addition to other new productions [*SR*, Mar. 13 and 27], gave us an exuberant repertory season. It ranged from Joffrey's own *Pas des Déesses*, a nineteenth-century ballet lithograph come to charming life (it brought the pert Susan Magno back into the company after a leave) and delicately framed by the music of John Field, to Sir Frederick Ashton's historic *Façade* (Edith Sitwell-William Walton) with its delectably satiric sketches of the 1920s, highlighted by the brother act of Frank Bays and Haynes Owens, including high kicks, the old soft shoe, and skimmers (straw, of course). Today's rock? Joffrey provided that, too.



—Herbert Migdoll

Francesca Corkle and Paul Sutherland in George Balanchine's "Square Dance"—"a delicious ballet."

The American Dance Season 1971 (or Marathon), sponsored by the City Center of Music and Drama at the ANTA Theater [*SR*, Mar. 13 and 27], wound up with performances by the Erick Hawkins Dance Company and the Don Redlich Dance Company, both participants in what might be described as the avant-garde field. Redlich is one of the very few modern dance choreographers who is on successful negotiating terms with comedy. (Charles Weidman is, of course, the all-time modern-dance master in the area of kinetic humor.)

Redlich's contributions were spotty, with respect to quality, but *Cahoots*, performed in silence except for the rustle and rip of paper costumes and some grunts and comments by Redlich and Elina Mooney, was a hoot, and the serious *Earthling*, a Redlich solo to music of Debussy, was truly beautiful. There were passages in the opening *Jibe*, a visually pretty piece, that were reminiscent of Maxfield Parrish, as Jennifer Tipton's lighting caught the luminosity of a scrim and captured the shimmer of tights and tinsel ribbons adorning seemingly nude bodies. These and *Air Antique*, delightfully danced with old-fashioned modern-dance dignity to music of Lukas Foss by Luly Santangelo, were dividends on a bill that also included the endless *Tristan, Isolde, Aïda, Hansel and Gretel*, a dance as puerile as its title.

The greatest pleasure in the Hawkins company is to see the composer Lucia Dlugoszewski (she pronounces it "Dwoogoshevskee") curled up on stage and playing a vast array of percussion instruments that she invented. She moves like a dancer. Hawkins himself moves like semi-animated sculpture, and if you are going to like what he does on stage, you must be patient. All is unhurried, even when his dancers, oddly enough, seem to move fast, for they are not really going anywhere —they are images in space.

I have seen Erick Hawkins dance for exactly thirty-five years—from ballet through his Martha Graham period as her partner to his independent dance ventures—and he has never been the kind of performer who pushes you to the edge of your seat. He is tall, he is big, he is craggily handsome, and, even though he is pushing sixty, he looks well in what might politely be described as a paucity of apparel. But you will not find kinetic explosions in his creations. There are forms and shapes if not excitements, and if you go for such, Hawkins and his dancers will appeal to you. To some, he is a bore. To others, he is sculpture. To the dance profession, he is durable. To dance itself, he is clearly dedicated.

And while taking note of the relationship between dance and sculpture, let me urge New Yorkers and visitors to New York City to see the superb "Dance in Sculpture" exhibit, conceived and arranged by Lincoln Kirstein, and on view through April 21 in the Vincent Astor Gallery of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. Its history range is more than two thousand years, from Mexican Indian terra-cotta and Etruscan figurines, through a doll-like Fanny Elssler and Elie Nadelman's "High Kicker" (Eva Tanguay), to Malvina Hoffman's wax head of Pavlova and sculptures of Fred Astaire, Martha Graham, and Nureyev. Don't miss it. It is rare, and it is beautiful.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

A New Champ?

TWO TITLES were contested the night that Joe Frazier beat Muhammad Ali. The first was a disputed portion of the heavyweight crown; the second, less apparent but infinitely more significant, was network television's claim to the title of the world's pre-eminent distributor of great sports spectaculars. For pay television—for twenty years the battered loser to advertiser-supported TV—it was a honey-sweet victory, spiced with dreams of future exploits in the fine art of gentlemanly avarice beyond compare.

A $30-million gate, 300 million spectators in forty-two countries around the world—this was but the first faint promise of a new cosmogony of profit. As modest Texas cattlemen once dreamed of getting the five-dollar cow to the fifty-dollar market, so now sports promoters and athletes can sniff the euphoric aroma of the miraculous $100-million gate. Beyond even that, no longer illusion or delusion, stretches the spectacle of a wired nation of sixty million homes, tied in via satellites to other wired nations, each terminal jingling up debit accounts for the in-home viewing of not only sports contests but also major artistic events for smaller but better-heeled audiences.

To be sure, the Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier fight was merely rudimentary closed-circuit TV in the United States. But currently in Washington there are FCC hearings on the future of cablecasting. The commission has declared its firm intention to break the distant-signal bottleneck that has been blocking the anticipated explosion of the wired systems. More powerful even than the FCC show was the greening of the minds of both over-the-air broadcasters and wired-nation enthusiasts by the unbeatable lobbying of the spectacle that originated in Madison Square Garden.

Publicly, the network executives are playing it cool, calling the Ali-Frazier event a "once-in-a-century shot." One advertiser, thinking of the real business of network broadcasting, said: "For getting messages into sixty million homes simultaneously, broadcasting is the only way to do it." But privately even the ostrich-heads are worrying in the sand. In a soft market the networks have been losing heavily on sports. Though baseball and football promoters who currently hold contracts with networks are disavowing any temptations to switch allegiances to the pay television forces, the networks know that when contracts come up for renewal, the promoters will inevitably hike their prices, making noises about potentially higher bidders. Should one network let a contract go, another would have to pay a stiffer price to pick it up. Some promoters have even suggested that the networks pool their cash and make a joint offer, but it isn't conceivable that the Department of Justice would tolerate such a trust arrangement.

In any case, the lure of the green is the ultimate American ethos—free enterprise, competition, the market place, the playing field, and the combat zone—winner take all. The Ali-Frazier fight was itself a paramount symbol of the legitimation, even glorification, of superior power and force. Radio took newsprint; TV took radio; now it's the new champ's turn. Long live the wire at both ends, withdrawal and deposit.

A tiny challenge to this world-view was offered on NET one week after the fight. In an interesting documentary on the professionalization of sports, counter-culture athletes charged that college and pro sports reflect "the death culture." They called for an end to the combat-win-big-money environment that grips institutional athletics. But the grim hold that combative sport exerts on the psyche of the American male was eloquently expressed by spectators at the Chicago Coliseum on the night of the big fight. They nearly rioted and did make a shambles of the Coliseum floor when an equipment failure denied them the spectacle they had paid to see.

A number of newspaper commentators have cried out at the "dirty deal" by "the greedy promoters" who served the rich but shut out the poor, who could have watched only on so-called "free television." One Congressman is drafting a bill that would bar "discrimination against all but the affluent to witness major sports events." These are crocodile tears. TV never has been free: It exacts its cost in narrow program fare.

Pay TV may or may not exact a higher price in its special terms—but the glove is in the eye. The week before the Ides of March witnessed an earlier but nevertheless dependable prophecy. Get your dollars ready for the $100-million gate. The new champ is really the old champ—the American way, conquering all.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Under a Double Standard

EVERY ISLAND must undergo an identity crisis, and one of the latest to enter that vexing phase is Sint Maarten (or Saint Martin), a combined Dutch and French outpost in the West Indies. The island has long had its own built-in psychic peculiarities, waving as it does two European flags, but problems of sibling rivalry have seldom surfaced in the more than three hundred years since its division. The approaching crisis—alas, an old story—has to do with whether either side can withstand the pressures of a suddenly burgeoning tourist economy.

After an outsider has made a turn of the island, or walked its acres of sand beaches, or glimpsed its soft nights, he can't help but pull for St. Martin (which spelling shall hereby prevail). Local license plates proclaim it to be the Beach Island, and correctly so. Even in early March when every incoming flight was packed, cruise ships were sending ashore waves of tourists to the duty-free ports of Philipsburg and Marigot, and not a single hotel room was empty, I strolled long, empty stretches of beach fifty yards off the main commercial streets. Often my sole company were little bands of black schoolboys, who obviously don't object to their mornings-only class schedule on the Dutch side.

Away from town, some beaches are entirely the property of tiny, fleeing sand crabs. Each time since my return from St. Martin that I've mentioned the island's wealth of beaches to people who have been there before, I have been met with a shrug and, "You mean you didn't get to *this* beach?" or, "You missed *that* beach?"

Sad to say, beaches and sunshine aren't enough to satisfy most tourism promoters, and lately the island has begun to install the more commercial amenities. By summer, St. Martin will have its first golf course, or at least nine holes of it. It will occupy the acreage of the island's first large resort hotel, the Mullet Bay Beach Club, which opened two hundred condominium rooms this season and will double in size when Henry Ford II and other American stockholders decide the time is ripe. Ford's son-in-law, Giancarlo Uzielli, is vice president of Island Gem Enterprises, the development company that built Mullet Bay and is studying prospects on the still-sleepy nearby island of St. Eustatius.

Uzielli and his wife, Anne Ford, have helped invest St. Martin with a sort of jet-set air—or perhaps yacht-set is the term. Sleeker craft have been appearing in island harbors this year, and one can't help but note the contrast with the chugging, sputtering old cargo boats that come in from the neighboring island with fruit, vegetables, and anything else worth carrying. On one side of the pier in Philipsburg, the capital of the Dutch half, tourists and townsfolk gather around an arriving fishing boat or yacht, all aglow with varnish and wearing a homeport sign of Montauk, New York; while across the planks the black crewmen of a battered cargo boat in from St. Kitts sit unnoticed around a small coal fire on deck eating bits of fish and meat, the old man of the crew sleeping on a pile of canvas beneath the mast.

—*Deller, Monkmeyer*

Fishermen docked at Marigot, the capital of French St. Martin.

The rich, unless they sail or fly down in private craft, may find themselves arriving on a most democratically run airline, ALM, Dutch Antillean Airlines. ALM soars southward on a leased Northeast Yellowbird, on Wednesdays and Sundays from New York's JFK to St. Martin's Juliana with just a long enough stop to catch its breath and pick up a full load of redskins. There is no first-class section, so everyone has an equal chance to develop claustrophobia. Somehow the cramped conditions bring out the best in the passengers; they share newspapers, return trays when the stewardesses seem ready to drop, and generally carry on like a busload of kids going to camp. Those who might prefer a more commodious flight to St. Martin can pick up connections through Puerto Rico, St. Thomas, and St. Croix.

Mullet Bay and several other hotels have opened casinos, but so far the gaming has not encroached on an otherwise innocent environment. It was no problem for me to keep away from St. Martin's gambling dens. If you don't know they exist and aren't staying in a hotel with a casino, the rattle of dice will not be heard above the night breezes. The French side, gearing up less ambitiously for tourism, puts on an indigenous style of gambling in its several public cockpits. On Sundays the pits are crowded with visitors from Philipsburg who delight in escaping the traditionally conservative milieu of the Dutch side, imposed by the parent government in Holland.

An exodus from the French half occurs each weekday morning when a thousand people cross the border by minibus to work on the more prosperous Dutch side. Marigot, the French capital, largely neglected by Paris and, in turn, by Guadeloupe, still relies on farming and fishing to get by. As simple as life somehow remains in Philipsburg, it is that much more so across the island. At French Cul de Sac, a tiny hamlet at the end of a narrow road by the sea, I met some fishermen who were examining their catches of lobster and crab on a shore piled with shiny pink conch shells. The men spoke a bit of English to me and my friend from Philipsburg, but among themselves they talked in a French-Carib patois.

"You can't imagine how good and kind these people are," said my friend. "One time my boat, a runabout, broke off from its mooring and came ashore here. The people from French Cul de Sac tied it up under a tree and put all my tools and the anchor aside for me until I came by. They are the most honest people in the world."

Crossing the border on St. Martin is simply a matter of driving past a white

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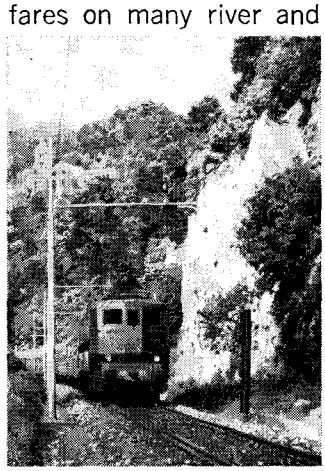

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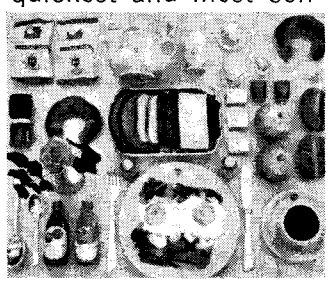

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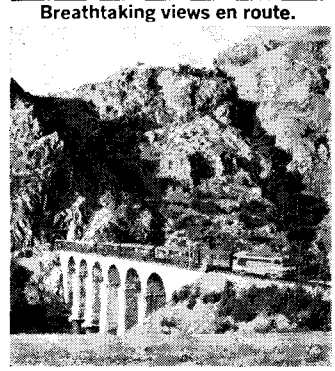

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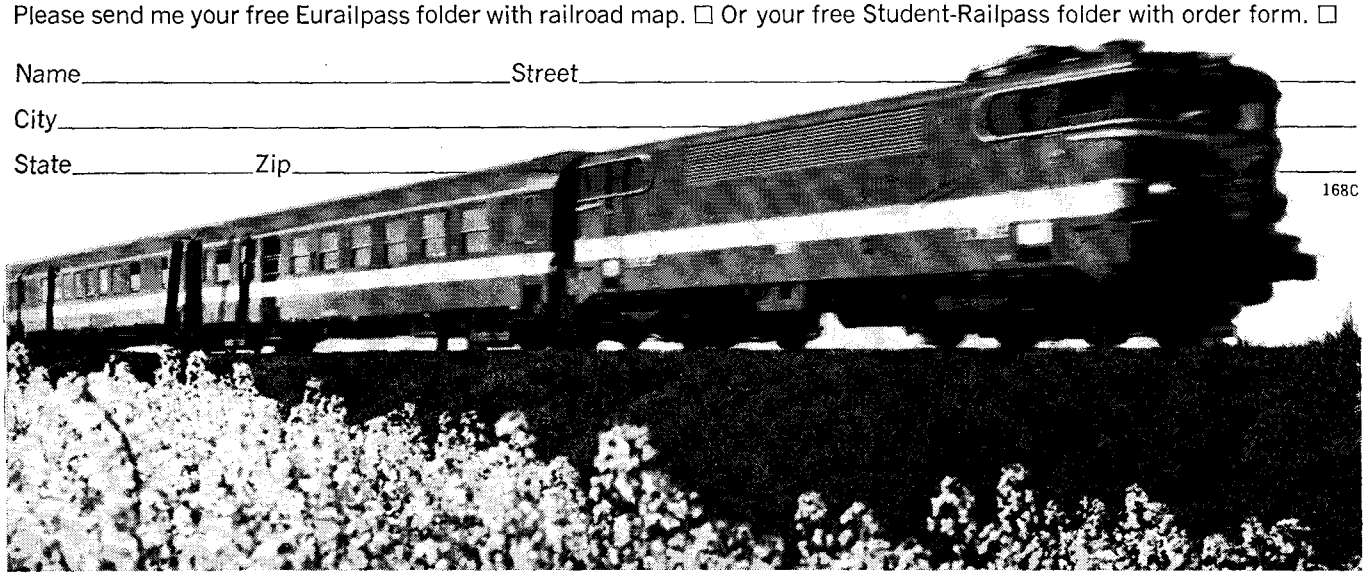

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Why we fly where

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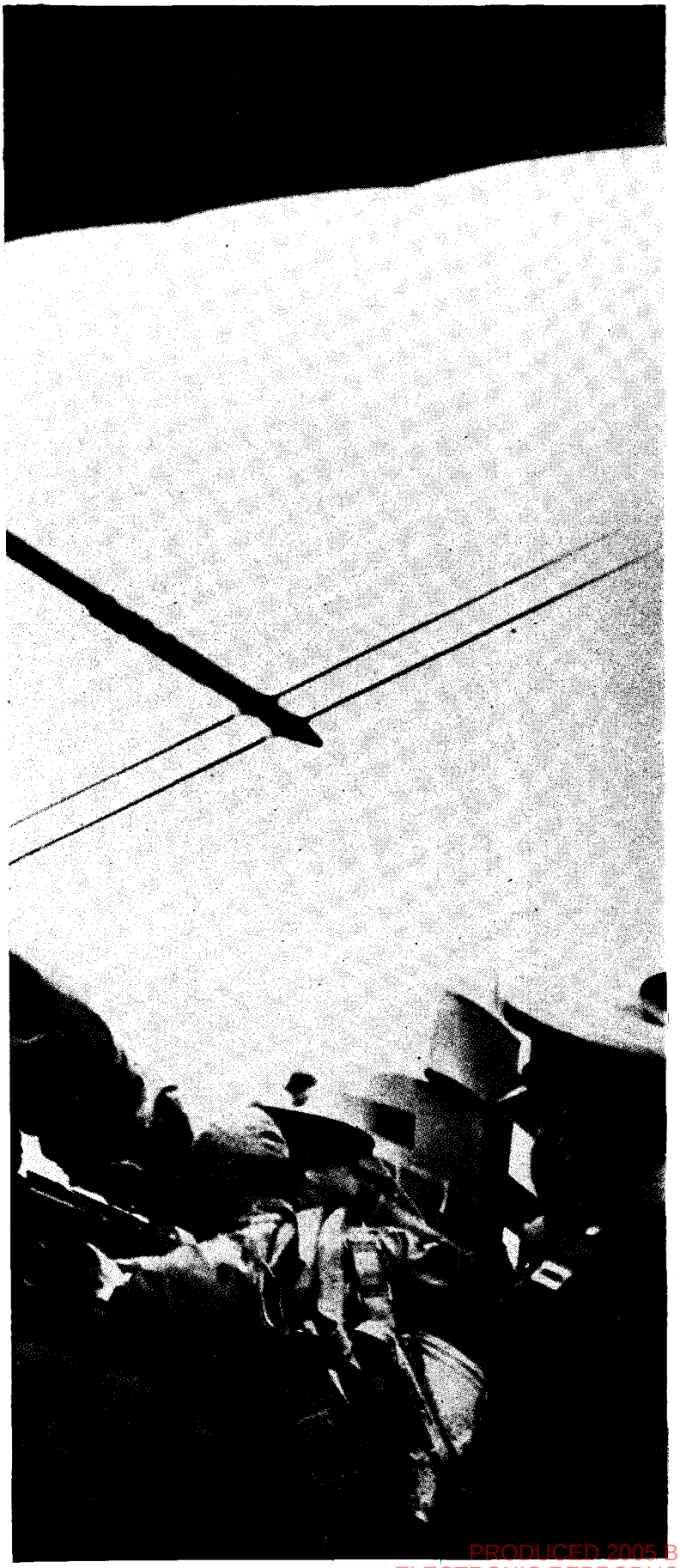
others don't.



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And as our planes have grown bigger and faster and more efficient, we've been able to (1) make world travel a reality for anyone with a two week vacation and (2) lower fares to the point where you can afford to take that vacation.

After giving you the world, you ask what's to eat.

Which is only natural because airlines tend to go at it pretty good when it comes to advertising their service.

And service *is* important.

It's the reason we were offering menu selection, serving hot meals, showing movies and providing other creature comforts long before the others caught on.

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signpost that announces the end of one land and the beginning of the next. You can readily see the contrast in the two economies, the Dutch side sprouting more hotels and shops, its houses slightly more substantial, the French side hillier and more bucolic. Whereas the slopes of French St. Martin have been cleared of swaths of timber to allow more grazing land, the Dutch hills remain wooded and not dependent on pastureland, so complete is its reliance on tourism.

City life, what there is of it, also differs markedly. Philipsburg has only two streets, Front and Back, one facing the Atlantic, the other on the bay, but the import shops usually swarm with shoppers and browsers, and the neat white-frame-with-green-trim post office across the main pier is flooded with tourists lining up to buy stamps. Meanwhile, in Marigot, commerce is more relaxed and the pace much slower. You can get from one capital to the other by rented car or taxicab, but you soon learn that island transportation, despite increasing American investment, is still a balky affair. At best the roads are narrow, concrete, and bouncy; at worst, they are rock-strewn paths.

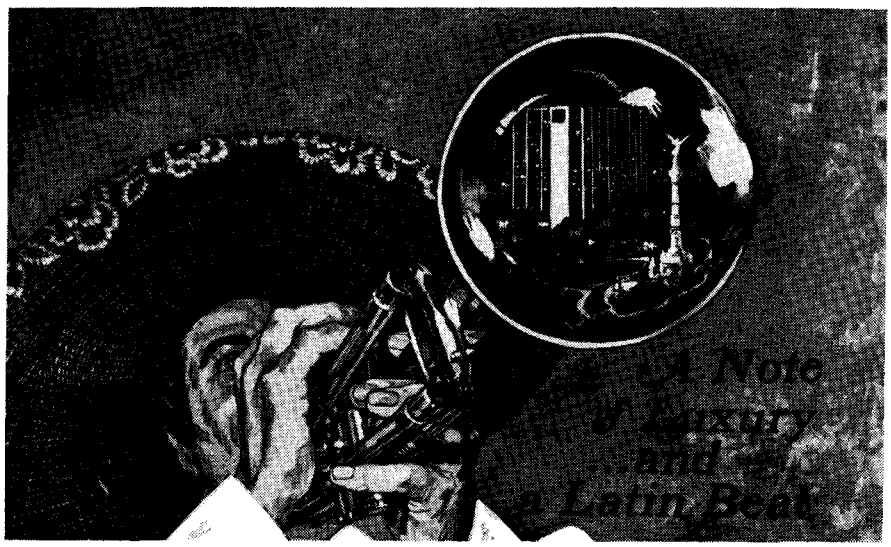
Probably the best deal on St. Martin —fast becoming as expensive as other Caribbean islands—is a minibus ride with the local transport company. The six miles or so between Philipsburg and Marigot costs only a quarter (American currency is good anywhere, in fact preferred), and, as the touristic litany goes, "You get to meet the natives." The one catch, other than an SRO squeeze, is that most of the buses aren't marked and stop only for knowing passengers. Unable to divine the company's stopping and routing habits, I decided to wave down every minibus that scooted up Front Street. It worked on the first try, and soon I was bouncing along the high road to Marigot, the blue sea crashing far below, tangles of pink corallita blossoms lining the way, mongooses darting across our path. The bus filled up rapidly with returning workers and visitors from the French side, and when we could squeeze no others onto the seats, the young sat on the floor.

Marigot resembles a French provincial village scaled down. The fronts of the little stone and frame houses and shops are decorated with what appears to be iron filigree but on closer look turns out to be woodwork neatly jigsawed. The Little Switzerland import shop carried Christmas greetings in its window. But all is not backward. The language and styles of the Seventies have not been lost in Marigot. A sign in front of a clothing store said: "Attention: Just received a real groovy assortment of latest shirts and bell-bottom pants. Let's face it. It's the clothes that makes the man. Come and see. Thank you."

Clusters of villagers gathered in patches of shade away from the 80-plus heat of midafternoon—little boys in one group, teen-agers in another, old men in still another. I climbed a hill above the town and sat on a worn bench near a shrine of the Virgin Mary festooned with plastic flowers. Tiny West Indian yellowbirds flitted through the trees, and in the town roosters crowed. A cleric in white robes came out of a church at the bottom of the hill and climbed the path to where I was sitting. We talked, and he pointed out the green peak of Mount Concordia, where the French and Dutch agreed in 1648 to stop fighting and partition the island. He talked darkly of Marigot and its future. "The Mayor and the government in Guadeloupe are very hard to reach," he said. "The Mayor believes in the old days, but there must be change. There are not enough schoolrooms, so the classes have to be staggered. This is not good; the children will go to the streets."

Across the bay from Marigot has risen one of the more remarkable touristic developments under any flag, a resort village called La Belle Créole. Launched in the mid-1960s by Claude Philippe (a onetime banquet manager of the Waldorf and a master fund-raiser) and designed to look like a terraced Mediterranean village, the unfinished resort lies in banks of morning-glories and bougainvillaea awaiting a fresh injection of capital. More than $8-million has already been invested, but the flow has dried up and its backers say they need $3-million more if the doors are ever to open.

Visitors poke about the flowering grounds as though combing the ruins of Pompeii; in fact, La Belle Créole has probably become the leading tourist attraction on the island. All but a few of the workers have been laid off, but the engineer on the site doesn't object to all the prying eyes and can even be persuaded to show visitors through the lavishly furnished villas. Rooms done in Italian marble with painted armoires and huge iron beds are gathering coats of dust and grime, and already the exteriors of some of the pastel-colored stone villas are streaked with rust running down from balconies and iron trim. The official opening has been delayed three times. "It could be the most spectacular place, not just in the Caribbean, but in the whole world," a disinterested party told me. "But it was conceived on such a grand scale,



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considering the small number of hotel rooms—about three hundred—that you wonder if it is doomed."

Hotel building on either side of St. Martin may soon be curtailed so that the island itself, and its 9,000-plus citizens, can catch up with the suddenly accelerating pace. The Oyster Pond Yacht Club, down a rutted road from Philipsburg, may be the last hotel to open for a while—if the local government is sincere in its bid to stem development. Oyster Pond, ready to open officially in the fall but already operating a few rooms, is a handsome hunk of blanched stone built to resemble an old fortress, with a tiled courtyard, a half-mile beach in front, and a yacht harbor out back. Its Dutch cook, Willy Hombergen, nightly performs French miracles in the kitchen without the aid of fresh produce. "We have nothing on the island—just papaya," he said. "We do have two bakeries, both on the French side, but sometimes they are closed or the bakers are sick and we have no breads or croissants." Oyster Pond's double-room rate of $65 ($10 less after April 15) won't exactly fetch the young or budget-minded, but then the operators, a suburban Chicago family, like it that way. In fact, unless a young person chooses to live the simple life in one of the few $10-a-day guest houses in town, or decides to wait until the rates go down after Easter, he may find himself out of his element and price range. Places like the Pasanggrahan, a fetching pink-stone hotel on the beach in Philipsburg, is almost completely the domain of the old and retired—albeit a lively lot—during the costlier winter months.

A man from Philipsburg, who is in the tourist business, coaxed me out of the sun one morning and into the shade of a beachside bar. Although he wants to see the island prosper, he said he is ambivalent about the new wave of commercial development. "We just haven't been able to keep up with the growth—we've gone through a cultural shock. The island has moved too far ahead of the people. They just can't change fast enough because they don't know the true values. How can you jump from a tree into a Cadillac without suffering something?

"I'll tell you, it was a big surprise to me when we opened our first drive-in movie theater here. I expected there would be one continuous honking and racing of motors. I didn't think our people would know how to act. But, you know, it turned out pleasant enough; there was no trouble at all."

But what will happen, you wonder, when St. Martin builds its first high-rise hotel, or opens a pizza parlor, or dredges a new harbor to bring in more cruise ships?

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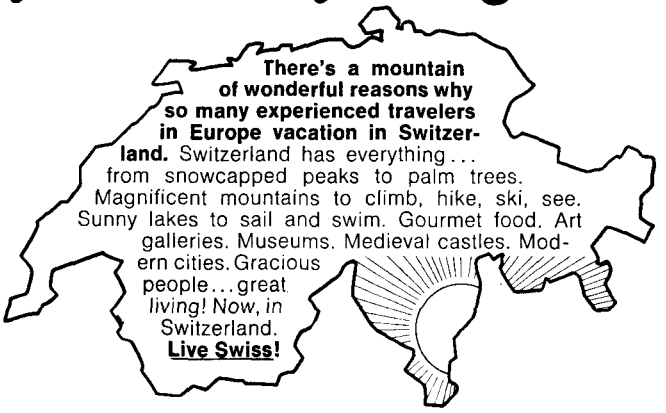
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As Others See Us

MANCHESTER:

Credibility Gap Widens

THE CREDIBILITY GAP is again yawning across the lawns of the White House. The American public had, of course, been conditioned by President Johnson to look for differences between what its government said and what it did. But it was largely because the former President was unable to bridge this gap that he decided to leave the White House and retire to his ranch on the Pedernales. The lesson was very clear. So it is almost unbelievable that a President as politically astute as Mr. Nixon should have allowed a major credibility gap once again to open up.

The war in Indochina is, of course, again the chief source of the trouble. The very concept of Mr. Nixon's policies requires a certain act of faith from the public. He says he wants to withdraw the American troops and end the American involvement.

That is very much what the people want too. But when they have looked at what was actually happening they have perceived something different. Instead of a shrinkage in the area of American involvement there has been a notable increase. . . .

President Nixon may well judge it necessary to confuse the enemy and keep it guessing. But the price he is paying may be great. The credibility gap is clearly back. There is still time for Mr. Nixon to fill it in before Election Day next year. But if he is to avoid becoming a one-term President, he has perhaps no greater task ahead of him.

If he fails, he may not be the only victim. There are already signs that the public is getting disillusioned not only about the frankness of its government but about authority in general, and about other elements of the Establishment, including Congress and the armed services. A serious national crisis of confidence could now be in the making.

—Richard Scott,
The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

KARACHI:

China May React

LAOS AND NORTH VIETNAM are border countries, and China may well react to hostile incursions into these territories in the same way it reacted when U.S. troops crossed the 38th parallel into North Korea. A segment of U.S. opinion has seen the danger that is inherent in the convenient supposition that China has no reason to feel any apprehension about the expanding war near its borders. No great power would countenance such a threat. If the United States really intends to withdraw from the Indochinese peninsula and also to adopt a more realistic approach toward China, there is no reason why it should fight shy of at least making a categorical disavowal of any intention to carry out an invasion of North Vietnam or to underwrite an attack by Saigon's troops.

—Dawn.

BONN:

Cynics' Speculation

MORAL INDIGNATION over the raid into neutral Laos is hardly appropriate since . . . the neutrality of that nation has been ignored all along by the North Vietnamese. Quite a different question is whether the expansion of the Indochina War to Laos will actually serve the purpose that Nixon articulated at the time of the incursion into Cambodia—namely, to facilitate the step-by-step withdrawal of American forces from South Vietnam. Cynics may speculate whether the next move might be to go into China for the same professed reason.

—General Anzeiger.

MELBOURNE:

The Trouble with Success

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of the ten years of the present Indochina War that each apparent "success" demands a new operation. Despite the deluge of American bombs, despite the American monopoly of air power throughout the campaigns in Laos and Cambodia, the North Vietnamese have not been expelled or defeated. And Marshal Ky of South Vietnam asks for still more American support—while recriminations go on about what has been given.

—The Herald.

PEKING:

U.S.-Soviet Plot

SIGNING CEREMONIES for the "Treaty on the Prohibition of the Emplacement of Nuclear Weapons and Other Weapons of Mass Destruction on the Seabed and the Ocean Floor and in the Subsoil Thereof," which was concocted by the United States and the Soviet Union, were held in Washington, London, and Moscow on February 11 after more than a year's patching-up work resulted in no substantial alteration.

The treaty proclaims ostensibly "the prohibition of the emplacement of nuclear weapons and other weapons of mass destruction on the seabed and the ocean floor and in the subsoil thereof," but in explaining the draft treaty, a U.S. representative stressed

The American Illusion

IF THERE IS ONE LUXURY that even money cannot buy in America, it is luxury. That good, old, solid, personal, body service, such as the European rich still take for granted, is not for sale here any more, if indeed it ever was. A hundred years ago famous and prosperous middle-class travelers, like Dickens and Trollope, were complaining of the high cost of Yankee discomfort. And today, however rich you are, there is always somebody richer. A millionaire has no scarcity value in a society that continues to manufacture one every day. Above a certain level, wealth is democratized and loses meaning.

The truth seems to be that Americans who have money do not care about money. What they pay for is status, the illusion of the exclusive high-life, as described in the travel brochure, as written up on the menu, as advertised on television. They consume not the product but the reputation of the product. Madison Avenue exists not to persuade them to buy but to reassure them about what they have already bought.

Capitalism in America has all of its evils, but also many of its advantages. The rich consumer may miss those lovely, handmade, traditional luxuries of his European counterpart. The poor consumer is often cheated and misled, without the welfare state to catch him in its net when he falls. But the middle class has privileges and opportunities beyond any in the world. And, astonishingly, it fights with fiery altruism to share them with the rest of the community.

—ALAN BRIEN,
New Statesman, London.

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that submarines equipped with nuclear weapons "should be viewed in the same way as any other ships; they would therefore not be violating the treaty." In this connection, the treaty stipulates that emplacement of nuclear weapons within twelve nautical miles should be exempted from prohibition. This is a clear attempt on the part of U.S. imperialism and the other superpower to give a semblance of legality to the prowling of their nuclear-armed submarines and fleets wherever they like. At the same time, they give themselves a free hand in emplacing nuclear weapons in their own territorial waters and stepping up their arms expansion and war preparations on the seabed under the disguise of "conventional weapons" and "peaceful uses of nuclear energy."

It is nothing but a maneuver on the part of the two superpowers to divide and dominate the seas and oceans between themselves.

—*Peking Review.*

TOKYO:

Hopes for World Peace

UNEXPECTED EVENTS may happen in the international scene as the world moves toward a new international order this year. It is hoped, however, that the world tide will flow toward the consolidation of peace. In order to strengthen the current momentum for peace, the Vietnam and Middle East problems should be settled promptly. It is often said that the troop pull-out from Vietnam, the launching of a new diplomacy based on the Nixon Doctrine, and the start of U.S.-Soviet strategic arms limitation talks (SALT) are "achievements" of the Nixon administration. We consider that the U.S. intention to modify its role in the world is manifested clearly in these events. The problem is, however, whether the U.S. intention is put into concrete shape successfully. To pave the way for peace, any country is required to display a leadership commensurate with its international stature. Is it possible to say, however, that the United States has displayed such a leadership? It is believed, nevertheless, that United States prestige would rise if the country decided in favor of a political settlement instead of protracting the Indochina War. Furthermore, the United States is urged to work for peace in Indochina, which is a prerequisite for the establishment of its new relations with Red China.

—*Yomiuri Shimbun.*

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Ringside Judgments

IT WAS A PITY that so long before what was obviously going to be a compelling world heavyweight boxing match between Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier, so many commentators sought to emphasize the racial and religious aspects of the contest. Frazier, because he was polite and did not boast overmuch, was presented to the public as "the good American Negro," the kind of man who was worthy to shake the hand of President Nixon.

Ali, by contrast, had refused to serve in the U.S. Army and had propagated the divisive views of the Black Muslims. The fact that he could never keep silent about these views ought not to have prevented those who are experts on boxing rather than religion from judging him wholly as a boxer.

His views matter only because the U.S. government's action against him kept him out of the ring at a time when any boxing enthusiast would have expected him to be at the peak of his career. The question that remains is: Would he still have been "the greatest" if it had not been for the war in Vietnam and for all the other pressures created in the United States when a prominent black man refuses to follow the official line?

—*W. P. Lawrence, The Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

Grave Concern

I WISH we had more government officials like Governor Felicisimo T. San Luis of Laguna, who considers the population explosion problem with grave concern. Such problems as food shortage, unemployment, low income, pollution, and breakdown of peace and order would not have become so severe if the population were not growing so rapidly. Anyway, unless the proper authorities do something to check the rapid population growth, nature itself will provide the solution: slow death by famine and pestilence as a result of the continued pollution of air, land, and water.

—*T. B. Esciri, Philippines Free Press, Manila.*

The Pill and Promiscuity

DOES the staff of the Brook Advisory Center really think that fifteen- and sixteen-year-old girls who want the pill are being responsible? If such a girl is having a "steady sexual relationship" with a boy friend, then the pill is better than an unwanted pregnancy, but surely short-term sexual relationships of this nature at this age are highly irresponsible.

A fairly recent survey conducted by *The Sunday Times* showed that people who had intercourse with several partners before marriage were more likely to commit adultery than were couples who had not slept around. In other words (in the jargon of the zoologists), young people who change sex partners are less able to maintain a permanent pair-bond when they marry. There is a greater probability that their marriages will break down, and children from such insecure backgrounds have difficulties with their own personal relationships, not to mention a higher tendency to be delinquent.

—*Dr. Anne Williams, The Times, London.*

A Wholesome Shock

A TEMPORARY turning-off of the oil faucets by the oil-producing countries would be welcome. The shock such an action would create may be severe enough to prompt us to proceed more vigorously with the construction of electrically powered vehicles. The degree of air pollution has been excessive for too long a time.

—*Arnbild Aschenbrenner, Die Zeit, Hamburg.*

It's Time to Buy Canada

MANY PEOPLE feel the amount of foreign ownership in Canada is too great.

Since there is a stock market decline, now would seem to be the time for a nationwide drive in Canada, by Canadians, to buy stock in Canadian companies, no matter how small an amount.

These purchases will have to be made quickly, otherwise the Americans will note the rise and transfer their purchases to Canadian stocks.

Even so, the Americans will have to pay more for stocks, and either way Canada will benefit.

—*Beverly Millar, The Ottawa Citizen.*

Biological Computer

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT what your aim was in printing your article "What Will the Girls Be Like in 1991?" The type of girl the prediction visualizes has lost not only her biological attributes but also her feminine quality. She has no more shyness or mother instinct, nor has she love for children; in short, she has lost her thousand-year-old attraction: her femininity. Woman—and man for that matter, for he will have lost his mate—will become a biological computer; thus human love will disappear from earth, for there won't be anyone to love.

—*Béla Nemák, Magyarország, Budapest.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Politics as Perversion

OF THE FILMS that have opened here this season, only three, it seems to me, are required viewing. They are, in order of appearance, *Claire's Knee*, *Taking Off*, and *The Conformist*. Note that only one was made in this country (*Taking Off*), but that all three are the work of European directors. The first was by Eric Rohmer, a Frenchman; the second by Miloš Forman, a transplanted Czech; and the third by Bernardo Bertolucci, a thirty-year-old Italian. This makes me, I suppose, one of those critical snobs that Jack Valenti, head of the Motion Picture Association, often inveighs against, but no amount of drum-beating from on high (Valenti, after all, is well paid to publicize his industry) is going to persuade me that Americans, at the moment, are doing much of importance.

Europeans, after all, are in the same bind as Americans when it comes to finding financing for their films. The more remarkable, then, when a film as splendid and baroque as *The Conformist* arrives. Why it has taken so long is a mystery, for when it was first shown at the New York Film Festival last September, Vincent Canby gave Paramount about all it needed in the way of critical encouragement. However, the film is doubly welcome in a dry season.

Bertolucci's adaptation of the Moravia novel succeeds most notably when it evokes that period of Italian Fascism just prior to the onset of World War II. He sees it as a time of political decay nigh on to putrescence, its primary symbol being an Italian of aristocratic family who "conforms" by doing what his Fascist superiors command him to do and who eventually flounders in a bog of moral and sexual perversion. At the root of his slavish devotion to the dictatorial state is a guilt that derives from a homosexual encounter in his adolescence. From then on, he strives to make his lifestyle give the appearance of normality, even to the taking of a dull, respectable girl for his wife. But this supposedly virginal young lady also lives a lie, for she had been seduced early on by an aged uncle and had been his secret mistress thereafter. Not that her new husband is in any way bothered after her postmarital confession.

Scene by vivid scene, Bertolucci reveals the baneful moral climate in each aspect of the man's life. His mother is a morphine addict (the supplier is her chauffeur lover); his father is in a mental asylum, possibly due to advanced syphilis. Visiting a Fascist headquarters, he comes upon a woman in considerable disarray on an official's desk. And during his honeymoon, in Paris, he willingly accepts a commission to spy on and assist in the assassination of his former philosophy professor, now an anti-Fascist émigré. Bertolucci's structuring of the story is complex and often ambiguous, as though incidents and events must be equated with the hero's totally muddled feelings.

The man's young wife is beautiful and passionate, but no sooner does he meet the wife of the professor he has come to doom than he is smitten by her. She, in turn, is sapphically attracted to *his* wife, and so it goes. The parallel to Visconti's *The Damned* has already been noticed; both are mordant, but Bertolucci's style is the more intriguing, for he infuses his scenes, drenches them almost, with nostalgia. I haven't seen any recent picture that so beautifully captures the sense of a period (1938), and it isn't merely a matter of the clothes, the cars, and the décor—although details are exquisite in their painful accuracy—but rather a total use of the cinematic medium, which includes the choice and playing of the actors.

Once again, Jean Louis Trintignant gives an impeccable performance, turning himself into a born and bred Italian and one locked into his political climate. The women are just about perfect: Stefania Sandrelli is the vacuous, voluptuous young wife, and Dominique Sanda is the woman with lesbian tendencies. When the two dance together a now outmoded tango in a Parisian nightclub, the moment is so outrageously and decadently amusing that a lesser director might have let it go on longer just for the effect. But Bertolucci has more to say and to show—a horrifying climactic double murder for one, an eerie epilogue for another. Here, though, Bertolucci pounds home the message too hard. Rome has been liberated, the Fascists are in disgrace, and the conformist's life is in shreds. There is a boy selling his favors, and the conformist, it appears, is ready to face his final degradation. The circle has turned too neatly and completely. So full and rich a film hardly needed the coda.

"He's on a scholarship from Paramount."

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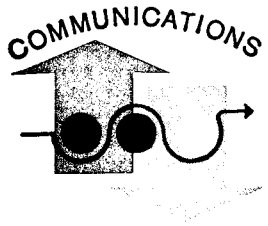

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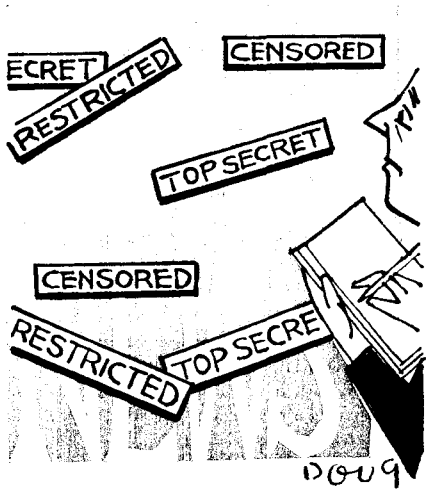

Whatever the outcome of the recent American military excursion into Laos, the mishandling of the press has reached such horrendous proportions that several groups of correspondents have formally protested, criticizing availabilities and, indeed, lack of any information at all at many points. The Freedom of Information Committee of Sigma Delta Chi, the national professional journalism society, has issued a strong statement criticizing news restrictions in the Laos campaign, urging the U.S. government to require that field commanders, as well as U.S. allies, "recognize the rights of the American people to be fully informed about events transpiring there."

Restrictions on news coverage during wartime are surely nothing new, and it has been only in this century that the military has paid formal attention to those who would report from the field of battle. Although newspapermen were attached to every major unit on the Union side during the Civil War, they picked up what they could where they could when they could from the bloodied field or from informal friends at the general-officer level. Some commanders, realizing the value of a good press, did more than others to inform the American people about the victories and defeats of the bloodiest war ever fought on the North American continent, and in the end this cooperation paid off because readers in the North came to believe the more candid field journalists and hence were able to judge realistically the war story as it unfolded.

Although a few famous journalistic reputations were born out of the Civil War, none matched that of Richard Harding Davis during the Spanish-American conflict, partly because the flamboyant Davis had been formally accredited to the military. He was the first true American war correspondent. He was allowed to travel directly with the troops and received daily official briefings. World War I saw an expansion of this policy, and, of course, World War II brimmed with war correspondents at every level of command on every front, East or West, as this correspondent can testify after a sobering year in air-raided London. In both the Korean War and the Southeast Asia excursion, correspondents have had pretty much the same formal and informal attachment to GHQ as they had had in Europe and the Pacific a generation before, with the daily communiqué the basis for all coverage, but with press availabilities widely granted, informal and official alike.

Whether the Laos campaign marks the beginning of a departure from what is now an established journalistic tradition in U.S. war coverage, or simply one of those silent periods when the mysteries of upcoming military maneuvers need to be kept secret, even from the press, no sensible journalist would attempt to say at this point. Just the same, the Freedom of Information Committee's judgment is that, with the immediate requirement for technical security in Laos long past, "it is worthwhile to direct the nation's attention to the excessively prolonged limitations which the U.S. government imposed on press, radio, and television coverage of an operation in which so many Americans had deep interest and concern."

The professional journalism society's sharp statement goes on: "Although the embargo on reporting of the Laos operation may have been initially necessary in the interest of protecting our forces and those of our allies, extending the blackout well past the point when the operation had been reported by foreign news agencies, including those of North Vietnam and Communist China, rendered it ridiculous. Furthermore, the early prohibition of

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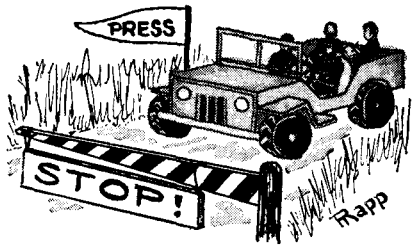
correspondents from riding in American aircraft participating in the Laos operation forced them to seek transport in allied craft and heightened the dangers to them. (Five newsmen lost their lives in the first two weeks of the Laos campaign.) The placing of eventual access to American-flown aircraft under South Vietnamese discretion constituted a further act of censorship, as did the order prohibiting U.S. helicopter pilots returning from missions over Laos from talking with correspondents."

Censorship is by no means confined these days to the bitter war fronts of the world. The average television fan was completely counted out of the recent heavyweight championship fight, in direct violation of the principles of the First Amendment to the Constitution. As Jack Gould put it in *The New York Times* on the day of the fight: "The rich few will be able to afford astronomical prices asked by theaters, but millions of the poor will be left



with only nostalgic memories of Joe Louis, Jersey Joe Walcott, and Kid Gavilan on their twelve-inch screens. The television medium once open to all, regardless of station, is becoming a restricted instrument, and the heavyweight championship fight may be the handwriting on the wall for the future of much entertainment and big sports."

No one argues that a tremendous sporting event like the Frazier-Ali fight should be seen free inside Madison Square Garden, or that the fight films should become public property. But supposing the World Series were handled the way the heavyweight championship fight was handled—no one could see Series games except, let's say, in certain theaters or locations where a high fee would be charged. The same procedure might spill over to the Super-Bowl football championship each January and eventually to every major sport in direct contradiction of traditional American press coverage. The subtle difference between such antics and a curtain of censorship at the front is less than one would imagine, and we agree wholeheartedly with the Freedom of Information Committee that basic principles were at stake in Laos, as they are in the coverage of big-time sporting events or any other news the American people have an abiding interest in. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Old-New Journalism Argument

JOHN TEBBEL'S "The Old New Journalism" [*SR*, Mar. 13] misses the point in its discussion of subjectivity in current campus journalism. Mr. Tebbel charges that college editors have flagrantly disregarded objectivity for subjectivity. What "new" or "alternative" journalism, a growing trend in college papers, attempts to drive across is that there is no objectivity.

Despite the respectability of the most revered news organizations, there cannot be any objectivity. Even if the writing is fairly even-handed, the editorial jockeying of layout, headline, and placement destroys the story's "objectivity." When *The New York Times* has a page 1 picture of a uniformed policeman sleeping on a park bench, it is a strong, unobjective statement. When a Black Panther convention story is buried on page 34, that is a strong editorial statement.

There is also a strong belief among campus journalists that the commercial press's corporate ties and strong dependency on advertisers make the newspaper the servant of those interests. This bias in the media (network news organizations are just as guilty) can be seen in the virtual blackout of coverage of striking UAW worker demonstrations in the GM strike last fall.

The accused college journalists are trying to create a viable, responsible, and credible alternative press. Recognizing the lack of objectivity in the established press, the college writers realize the futility of pursuing it. As a college editor, I have always told my reporters, "You can't be objective, but you can be fair to all parties and you must be accurate."

Here lies the key to success of "new" or "alternative" journalism. If the writing is both fair and accurate, the alternative press will be able to win both readership and respect from the public. It is seeking its own identity rather than acting as a revolutionary political arm, as Tebbel charges.

The movement toward alternative journalism may not succeed in the long run. The college press is striving for a high goal —to be able to offer a viable, responsible alternative to make up for the inherent biases in the Establishment press. John Tebbel is accusing us collegiate editors unduly, because we are not going in the way of the commercial media, and that is a strong bias in itself.

JEFFREY M. LADERMAN,
Managing Editor,
Rutgers *Targum*,
New Brunswick, N.J.

JOHN TEBBEL'S discussion of the swing back to subjective reporting in, as he calls it, the Age of Plastic Aquarius omits mention of the crucial era of the Three Brass Monkeys: that of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. I suggest that era was the preface to today's "old new" journalism.

It was "objective" reporting that allowed the Senator to have his subjective say without qualification. At least, that was the excuse the press gave itself in the aftermath of McCarthy, when objectivity was knocked from a pedestal that existed only in the minds of theorists and was timidly replaced by "interpretation." That meant colorful writing could be slipped among the facts in news columns. As a result, did editorials become blander? Maybe they did, as the press beat itself upon its breast—forgetting that McCarthy made such damn good copy that simply reporting him sold more papers than reporting and rebutting him might have sold.

Well, from interpretation to relativism is an easy slide, and now here the young are being subjective. Most of it is drivel, but I don't mind introspective drivel because it satisfies—obviously—the college writers, and because it's obvious to spot. No one gets hurt.

The problem, perhaps, is that these beginning journalists are super-imposing the fire of youthful idealism or, putting it another way, the moral courage of their own beliefs, onto the ethical responsibilities of a journalist to report news as clearly and accurately as he can. Perfection is impossible, no matter which way the story is written, but a journalist must try.

Well, they'll grow older, if those who grew up reading about McCarthy don't blow up the playpen first.

MORT YOUNG,
New York, N.Y.

JOHN TEBBEL'S lamentation-debunking of "the old new journalism" holds water only for those who suppose that the overt subjectivity he finds embodied in the narrative lead is the only brand of that commodity. Not at all. One need not peruse many newspapers nor sit at the side of many night editors on daily papers across the country to distinguish subjectivity and Subjectivity. The latter, a fetid stream of summary leads all under three lines of copy, is less noticed only because it has been in the ego trip business so long that it has learned the rule: subdued Subjectivity crawls faster through the world than its small-letter, more overt mate can run.

To establish the movement of the past hundred years ("standards painfully arrived at over the past hundred years") away from an allegedly conniving, self-interested subjectivity to today's supposed altruistic, objective reportage is merely to fashion another idol. Just one more myth, that's all.

Tebbel errs only in bloating the dangers inherent in the new subjectivity and, by careful omission, overallowing the innocuousness of the allegedly objective press.

HOWARD SAGE,
Elizabeth, N.J.

MR. TEBBEL'S article was amusing. The Establishment controls the press with its facts, which are the only official ones! Objectivity is a myth! Facts are opinions held in common! Who decides what the facts

(*Continued on page* 57)

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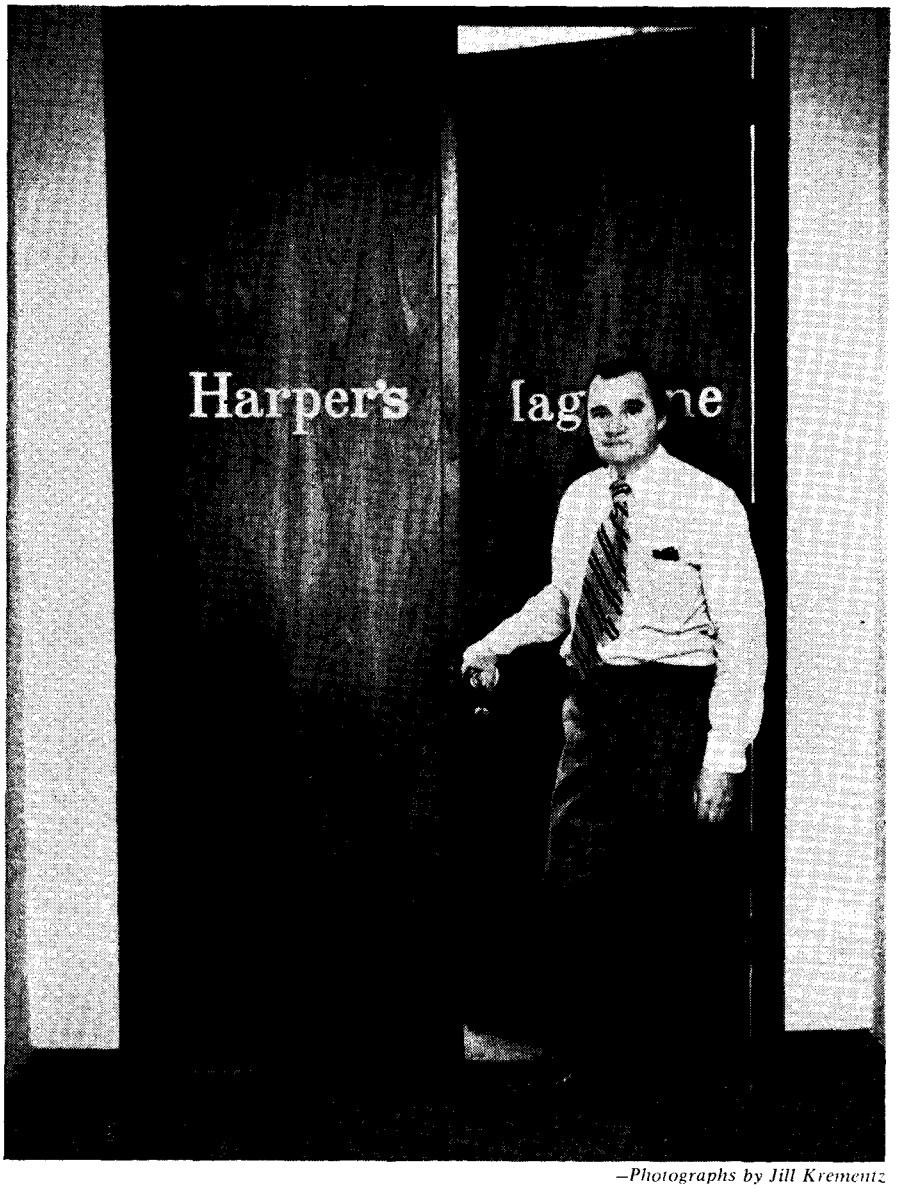
WHAT HAPPENED AT Harper's



—*Photographs by Jill Krementz*

Publisher William S. Blair—"I tried to get a dialogue going."

by STUART LITTLE

The shockproof world of New York publishing was rarely more stirred than by the news that Willie Morris had resigned as editor in chief of *Harper's* and that seven editors, virtually the entire effective staff of the magazine, had walked out in his support. The root of the dispute was in a severe disagreement between editor and publisher over the management of the magazine—a quarrel that obviously will reverberate throughout the publishing capital for months to come.

In his resignation statement, Morris indicated that once again it was "the money men against the literary men." Yet obviously the problem was more complex and obscured as well by extreme loyalties. Bad feeling at the top levels of the magazine had been building for many months. Morris himself noticed a "cooling off" in management interest beginning a year to eighteen months ago. Related, inevitably, were the magazine's operating losses throughout his editorship.

The disagreement did not arise from any reason so simple as the four-letter words Norman Mailer used in his answer to Women's Liberation in the sold-out March issue. Nor could the problem have been the $12,500 Mailer was paid for his 48,000 words, a price Morris felt was a steal. It was not the size of the drawing salaries of *Harper's* productive contributing editors — David Halberstam, Larry L. King, John Corry, and Marshall Frady, all of whom resigned in support of Morris. Nor, even, was it the excessive length of *Harper's* sometimes book-long pieces.

Rather, the trouble sprang from a serious philosophical difference over how to edit an intellectual magazine in today's publishing market — and from a disputed evaluation of the magazine's editorial achievement under Morris. It was the way management seemed to belittle the Morris years, which to many people in publishing produced the "hottest" magazine in America, that most angered the wounded Morris men—a sense of being misunderstood, misvalued, underappreciated, and undercut.

These were the points on which bitter argument turned: the audience *Harper's* was reaching; the amount of reader excitement the magazine was generating; the trend in circulation figures and the attitude of the editors toward these figures; editorial costs, and whether *Harper's* as constituted was a good editorial "mix."

Morris resigned in a letter, dated March 1, to John Cowles, Jr., of Minneapolis, chairman of Harper's Magazine, Inc., saying he left "with an honorable conscience" but could no longer allow the efforts of the editors "to be undercut and denigrated by your Representative on the premises." This was a reference to his antagonist, the magazine's publisher, William S. Blair, who drew bitter, even derisive, remarks from the parting editors. Morris himself described Blair as "a cloud of doom and defeatism." To the offended editors, Cowles himself even now seems too remote and too enigmatic a figure for vehement blame. But the forty-one-year-old owner is the key to the story.

The New York editors sensed their own failure "to water that plant enough." By too comfortable an as-

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John Cowles, Jr. (left) and Willie Morris—" . . . a distinct cooling off."

surance, they had assumed a commonalty of interests. In the last act of the drama, the editors pressed their own proprietary claims. The unremitting journalistic zeal they had poured into the publication, devoting 80 per cent of their time to *Harper's* compared to Cowles's 20 per cent, made it not just his magazine but theirs. "Our skills, our passion, our commitment," said Halberstam. This argument rang like an American echo of recent European publisher-editor conflicts, particularly on West Germany's *Stern* and France's *Figaro*, in which the stirred-up editors demanded, and in some instances won, veto powers over vital publishing decisions.

Avoiding the philosophical ramifications, Cowles responded to the editors' challenge as follows: "I think the question would be more relevant if it pertained to a magazine that was making money and where the editors' performance earned them a share in determining how the money should be allocated."

The only effective protest remaining to the editors was, finally, to quit. The day the Morris departure hit the papers, Midge Decter, Morris's executive editor and, according to Halberstam, "the spectacular, forceful intelligence that held it all together," was the first to resign. Robert Kotlowitz, the managing editor, on the staff since the regime of John Fischer and Russell Lynes (Morris's and Kotlowitz's predecessors, respectively), and also devoted to Morris, followed, as did poetry editor John Hollander. Kotlowitz, who will have a novel published by Atheneum in the fall, will remain at his desk to put out the June issue, and possibly longer.

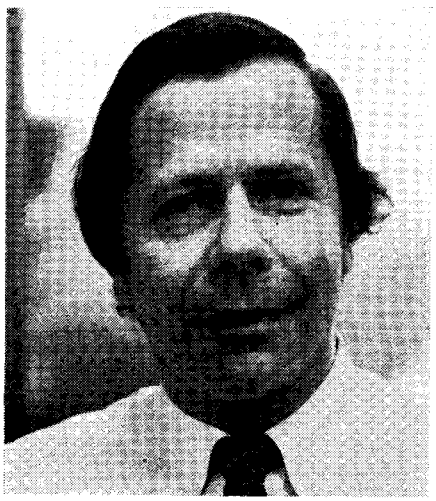
The parade of departing editors all but emptied the editorial floor at 2 Park Avenue. The exit was perhaps inevitable, given their feelings toward Morris, but in publishing it was a rare demonstration of loyalty, comparable to the cast of a Broadway play following the fired director out the stage door leaving the producer holding nothing but the script. In *Harper's* case, however, the script is destroyed, too. The name on the marquee remains.

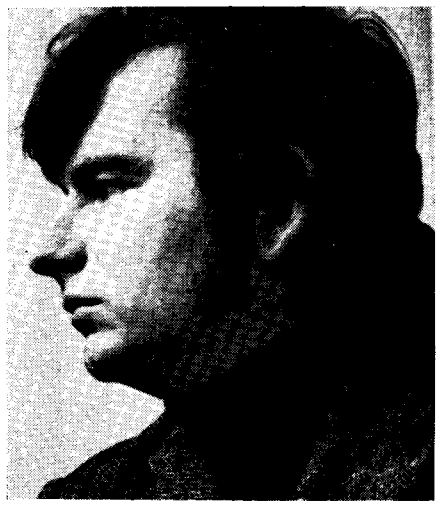
From the publisher's side, the question was the need to change *Harper's* future course in a time of deficits and increasing costs: a judgment that however rich a vein of literary journalism Willie Morris had tapped it wasn't good enough. The new editor is still to be chosen. Whoever he is, his approach will undoubtedly run counter to the intensely personal, socially concerned style of Willie Morris, the thirty-six-year-old editor from Yazoo City, Mississippi, who became a hero to his profession and, in a very few years, an engaging and magnetic figure in New York literary circles. The magazine will be trying something else in the future.

At this crisis point in the 121-year history of *Harper's*, primary responsibility rests with a Glasgow-born, New York-trained advertising man, William Blair, fifty-three, who has been *Harper's* publisher for the last two-and-a-half years. With the advice of Fischer and Lynes, who both have been brought back to help out during the interim, Blair will search for a new editor to set a new course.

"The crux of the situation," says Blair, "is not my concern about the past but about the future. *Harper's* loses money. Looking toward the future, if we go on doing what we're doing, we're just going to lose more money. Considering our renewal rate for subscription, our newsstand sales, costs are going up, there is no great buoyancy for advertising revenue anywhere in the magazine business, and if you project this out to the future you run into problems—if you just go on doing what you're doing."

Arriving in the United States in 1950,





Three resigned staff members: Managing Editor Robert Kotlowitz, Executive Editor Midge Decter, Contributing Editor John Corry.

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Blair headed directly for Madison Avenue and worked for seven years for Ogilvy & Mather before joining Harper-Atlantic Sales, Inc., which handles advertising jointly for the two publications. Within four years he was president.

"Let's face it," he said, addressing himself to the problems of *Harper's* post-Morris era, "magazines have only four sources of revenue: readers, advertising, spin-offs like the books we get from Harper's Magazine Press, and subsidy. An increasing number of magazines are relying on auxiliary income, on spin-offs, but in order to have spin-offs the magazine has to have a very special focus, a more definable focus. If we made a more specialized magazine, we might get more advertising."

Blair weighed the alternatives open to *Harper's*. One was to shrink circulation and rely on fewer readers to produce more revenue per magazine. "Move up the demand curve," as he put it. Another was to make the magazine "more popular," yet another to mold it after the newly successful "specialty" magazines. He mentioned *Ski* in passing.

"I tried to get a dialogue going about the implications of these alternatives," Blair continued, "about the desirability, or lack of it, of any or all of them—all within the general framework of a magazine that deals with serious issues in a literate and responsible way."

Blair continually brought up the uncomfortable economic problems; Morris was certain that the only way to overcome them was with a strong, clear editorial voice. A week before the crucial meeting in Minneapolis with Cowles that was to tear *Harper's* apart and twelve days before his resignation, Morris wrote one last interoffice memo to Blair. Dated February 17 and marked CONFIDENTIAL, the memo reviewed possible economies, accepting some of Blair's suggestions, rejecting others Morris felt would be fatal editorially (including, apparently, one that he fire either Kotlowitz or Miss Decter, reducing by one-third the key staff that put out the magazine). Understandably, he turned down a proposal to do away with the contributing editor set-up through which his editorial leadership was expressed. But he was willing to take the knife to his own salary, lopping off one-third of his $37,500, provided that Blair would do the same to his $54,900. Then he wrote:

> I also have a strong responsibility to John [Cowles], but as *Harper's* eighth Editor in 120 years, I have a complementary one: to fight to the last for the survival of *Harper's* as an enduring American institution. I see this as no small nor mundane responsibility, for in the end it is my most important mandate, and John's also. We are in a time when most institutions have given in to blandness, inertia, and even a real hatred for other American institutions. *Harper's* is *for real*, it stands for something, every month since June, 1850, it has shown the true faces of America, and I will never, under any circumstances, acquiesce in its death, whether it is a slow death or a sudden one.

From the left, Contributing Editors Larry L. King, Lewis Lapham, and David Halberstam—"Our skills, our passion, our commitment."

In the last week Morris decided that his only recourse apart from acquiescence was resignation. Probably he also realized with mounting anger that his resignation would be accepted.

In his four years Morris published some of the most provocative and certainly some of the longest pieces in magazine journalism: in July 1967, a 45,000-word section from William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner*; Mailer's "To the Steps of the Pentagon," 90,000 words taking up the whole March 1968 issue, the longest *Harper's* piece ever, which later grew into Mailer's Pulitzer Prize-winning book *The Armies of the Night*, and Bill Moyers's *Listening to America*. Readers might be forgiven for wondering if through some publishing foul-up they were reading the paperback between magazine covers before the hardcover had come out. Other long pieces included Morris's own superb account of his return to Yazoo at the time of the local school integration crisis, to visit his ninety-five-year-old grandmother, who spoke her own answer to the question on everyone's mind about black children and white children, "Oh, son, I don't know. I just don't know, but I think they'll get along fine, if people'll just let 'em alone." "Yazoo" ran to 30,000 words and will be published in book form this spring by Harper's Magazine Press.

In issue after issue *Harper's* writers put their own lives on the line in passages of personal revealment and commitment more usually buried in the interior of autobiographical novels—Larry King's "Confessions of a White Racist," Midge Decter's self-searching "Sex, My Daughters, and Me," Marshall Frady's novelistic "An American Innocent in the Middle East." And there were pieces of penetrating journalism such as John Corry on Cardinal Spellman, social Washington, and "The Politics of Style"; Peter Schrag on "The Decline of the WASP"; and, time and again, the shrewd, outspoken political reporting of Halberstam.

Length was not the product of any

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calculated policy or strategy. "We hadn't sat down and said let's have some long pieces," Miss Decter said. "There was a permissiveness about length. The magazine was committed to fine writing. As Willie would say with his Southern deceptive simplicity, his magazine was a writer's magazine. Serious writers valued this. They knew their work would not be crippled or truncated."

For his own articles—and no writer ran harder for *Harper's* in the four years — Halberstam customarily worked uninterruptedly for six to eight weeks. When he returned to Vietnam, *Harper's* allowed him two months on the ground and then another month to put the piece together (December 1967). He devoted three months to his unflattering study (July 1969) of McGeorge Bundy.

"In my best year I made $20,000 and that was for doing six pieces of 10,000 words each and 20,000 on Al Lowenstein."

When the time came to make up the 1971 budget, the contributing editors became an economy issue with the publisher. Halberstam said, "The sum total of what we were drawing as contributing editors per year was exactly equal to the salary of the publisher. You can figure on the average about $14,000 for the editorial costs of the magazine per issue not counting office salaries. I once figured out that the total editorial costs of *Harper's Magazine* for one year—and that included the amount paid to the writers each month plus the salaries of the three top editors — would just equal what one major network anchorman would get—about a quarter-of-a-million dollars. Now, there must be something wrong in there somewhere." When he learned about the salary dispute, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., spoke in words that would go down well in the journalistic cheering section, "I cannot get indignant over an editor paying writers a living wage." Schlesinger, one of a number of Pulitzer Prize-winning contributors, regarded *Harper's* as a "lively and interesting magazine under Willie Morris's editorship."

What it would cost to run a writer "at maximum capacity" was the first topic Halberstam remembers discussing with Cowles in February 1967. Morris, it was understood, would be taking over in the summer — the Rhodes Scholar, the muckraking editor of the weekly *Texas Observer*, the Southern boy come north to record his first clear impressions of the graceless city in his autobiographical *North Toward Home*. Morris; his friend Larry King, a rural Texan and a novelist with experience in a Congressional office in Washington; and Halberstam, who had won a Pulitzer Prize in 1964 for his Vietnam coverage and written about the war in *The Making of a Quagmire* and who was set to leave his job on *The New York Times* to work full-time for *Harper's*—all were agreed it wasn't enough to pay $400 to $500 for an article. At that rate *Harper's* would get by-product; writers would put priority elsewhere.

But the key directive out of this meeting came from Cowles. "Finally," Halberstam recalls, "Cowles stood up and said, 'You know what I think is wrong with the magazine. It isn't relevant.' So that was our mission—to bring the magazine roaring, kicking, and screaming into the 1970s."

Much was later to depend on the interests and goals of Cowles. For a time they seemed to coincide with those of Morris and his staff. Cowles wanted a magazine of influence, one that was talked about. *Harper's* consistently made news. But later, when interests began to diverge, it became clear that the editors did not fully understand the magazine's owner.

John Cowles, Jr., had succeeded his father as president and editorial chairman of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company three years ago. A member of the Cowles publishing family from Des Moines, Iowa, he is the nephew of Gardner Cowles, chairman both of Cowles Communications, Inc., which operates *Look*, and of the Cowles family-owned Des Moines Register & Tribune Company. (Neither has any operating connection to the Minneapolis papers.)

Educated at Exeter and Harvard as his father had been, John Jr. schooled himself to succeed his father by taking bottom jobs in the company, working in the plant that prints the morning and Sunday *Tribune* and the evening *Star*, picking up editorial experience as a city-side reporter, getting circulation training in the Dakotas. Later, on taking over *Harper's*, when he said he hoped "our experience in newspaper publishing can contribute to the management," he was entitled to speak not just corporately but personally, and there was a time, in the beginning, when David Halberstam expected Cowles, with his drive and talent for diversity, to turn into "the best publisher in America."

Cowles got interested in *Harper's Magazine* and New York publishing when he married the stepdaughter of Cass Canfield, of Harper & Row, in 1952. In 1964, under Cowles's urging, the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company began buying up Harper & Row stock and almost simultaneously took a position in the magazine. The Cowles holdings in Harper & Row today amount to 22 per cent, and Cowles sits as chairman of the board. Most of the buying was done in the expansive economic climate of the middle 1960s, when communications conglomerates were scrambling for likely publishing properties. On May 1, 1965, the magazine was split off into its own company, jointly owned and controlled by the Star and Tribune and Harper & Row, and John Cowles, Jr., became president of Harper's Magazine, Inc., and publisher of the magazine. Gradually, in the next five years Cowles bought up the outside 50 per cent interest, so that now the magazine is a wholly owned operating division of the Star and Tribune.

Cowles is a somewhat severe executive, attentive to his profit-and-loss statements, a little distant from his employees, and somewhat standoffish from all but a few intimate friends in Minneapolis. At the same time, he can be impulsive and is willing to follow his best instincts, as when not long ago he gave up a large country house he had built for his family of four children to return to the urban center beside his newspapers. For a man involved in such large affairs, he probably has had the normal amount of executive trouble. Recently he lost, through resignation, Philip von Blon, a key vice president in Minneapolis. Moreover, Harper & Row, which lost its (and perhaps the profession's) top editor, Evan Thomas, because of differences with the business management, in January lost John Jay Iselin, the most recent of Thomas's several successors—a resignation that may or may not have its parallels in the *Harper's Magazine* story.

In May 1968, then aged thirty-nine, Cowles succeeded his father at the Star and Tribune. Four months later, having less time to devote to affairs in New York, he appointed Blair to succeed him as president and publisher. Now Cowles's visits to town dropped off to about once in six weeks. He would see Blair always and Morris "when available," noting without irony Morris's irregularities when it came to office hours. As for Morris, beginning in late 1969, "I noticed a distinct cooling off, an increasing aloofness. Blair had done his work well. Cowles would come to New York and see Blair, but he wouldn't see me."

From the outset, Cowles insists, he spoke his mind to Morris in three-way discussions with Blair. "Whatever comments, suggestions, or ideas I expressed to Willie, he heard them," Cowles says, and leaves it at that. He was not aware of any major problems with approved editorial budgets, or with salary structure, or, per se, with the length of articles. Yet there seemed

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to be a growing disregard by the editors, Cowles seemed to believe, for some of the economic facts of publishing. "Circulation is a fact of life. Circulation costs, the acquisition costs of circulation, revenue are facts of life an editor should pay attention to."

Behind *Atlantic* in circulation in the early part of 1968 (306,000 for *Atlantic*, 295,000 for *Harper's*), *Harper's* under Blair hauled aboard the defunct *Reporter*'s paid-up subscribers midway in 1968, inflating the circulation to 411,000. Rarely does this kind of circulation stick. *Atlantic* countered by adding some *Saturday Evening Post* subscribers, giving them a recent peak of 344,000 at the end of 1969. Since then both magazines have slid off, *Atlantic* to 330,000 and *Harper's* to 359,000 at the beginning of 1971. For *Harper's* this has meant a twelve-month loss of 20,000 in 1970, and Blair states that in the first few months of this year there has been a further fall-off.

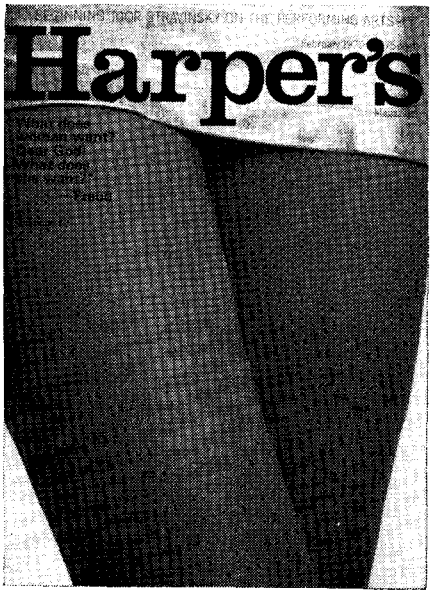
Some of the editors were convinced that Blair, unreasonably, was expecting a big breakout in circulation in the fall of 1969 after he changed format, going offset, side-stitching the magazine, and jazzing up the package with such flashy covers as that of the February 1970 issue showing a generous length of tanned thigh under the hem of a miniskirt for Edward Grossman's illustrated chase of "The American Woman."

Cowles now confronts annual *Harper's* operating losses approaching a reported three-quarters of a million dollars. The magazine made a modest profit, Blair says, in 1965-67. Everything before that is obscured in the consolidated balance sheets of Harper & Row. Cowles states the magazine has lost money since 1967. "I did not encourage the Minneapolis Star and Tribune to get involved with *Harper's* with any expectation of losing money in the long run," he says. "Considering the education levels of our readers, given good editing, given appropriate editing, and good management, I did expect the magazine to earn a modest return. Philosophically, I am uncomfortable with subsidized publications because of the likelihood that editors may not feel it necessary to make their magazine sufficiently relevant and interesting to their readers."

Last fall, the management commissioned a readership study by the polling expert Oliver Quayle, and a seminar for the editors was held in New York to disseminate the results. "Ollie Quayle Day" was no good for Willie Morris & Co. While there was no real cause for alarm about circulation, Blair said that the poll had failed to uncover much evidence nationally of the readership excitement the editors felt *Harper's* was generating.

Nothing incensed the editors more than the confident assumption that their magazine could be judged by a poll. It went against all instinct. Blair, borrowing from Agnew, stated in memos that the magazine was succeeding in reaching only "Eastern Communicators." Despite such adverse factors as the softening economy, the editors felt they were reorienting their constituency of readers, weeding out the old guard—the musty *Reader's Digest* wing—and bringing in younger, more involved readers. They sensed the vitality in the passion of the letters, in the feedback of comment and questions, as the editors pursued their literary and lecturing travels across the country. "Eastern Communicators" was a term pronounced by the editors in their most contemptuous Texan drawl.

Even more repugnant was the notion that somehow a serious editor, instead of being responsible himself for telling his readers what was important for them to know, should allow and encourage the readers to tell him. With an intense but quiet conviction, Miss Decter spoke for Morris: "They say there are those editors who pay careful attention to their readers and those who do not. I don't believe it. All editors worth anything edit in accordance with their own preoccupations and their own tastes. They have to trust that what is moving in them, in their own pulses, is moving out there. What a magazine becomes is a process of making a million small decisions, no matter what editorial policy you announce. It is related to what is inside the editor's head. The theory that if we pursued a different editorial policy our circulation would be higher, to me, is patent nonsense. It might be different, but it wouldn't be any higher."



The editors knew the magazine was hot. Given a little more time—the proposition is impossible to prove—they are convinced they could have made it into the black. They said the magazine was an editorial success and a business failure and Blair had brainwashed everyone into believing the reverse. Editorial had been fiscally responsible while the business side expanded, said Morris. "We stayed within our budget."

So the quarrel moved to its inevitable climax. The final meeting among Cowles, Morris, and Blair was held in Minneapolis on February 24, Ash Wednesday. It was billed as a regular quarterly budget review, but Morris appreciated that no less than the editorial future of *Harper's* was at stake, and he returned knowing in his heart that it was Blair or him, and that it was probably all over. On the following Monday, after an agonizing weekend, he drafted his letter of resignation.

At first Halberstam and the Morris-appointed contributing editors were at a loss to know what move to make. "None of us had talked to Willie," Halberstam said. "We were out on the battlefield but had lost our air cover. We knew that Cowles for all his faults was a good publisher. We wanted to talk to him. We wanted to hold the line and save the magazine."

At one get-together later in Morris's apartment, Mailer, reportedly rather pleased that his article was in the center of controversy, urged resignations on the editors, but some resented his surrogation of their moral decision. "Well, Norman," one of them is reported to have said stormily, "I may have done a lot of bad things, but I've never sold to *Life* for a million dollars an idea [*Of a Fire on the Moon*] Willie Morris gave me."

When the resignation became public on Thursday, March 4, Halberstam called Cowles, asking him to meet with some of the editors in New York. Cowles was on jury duty, but the following Tuesday he came to town. A three-hour evening meeting was held at the St. Regis with Kotlowitz, Halberstam, Corry, King, Frady, and Lewis Lapham (who has not resigned). "There was no chance to save Willie," says Halberstam, "because of some of the things he said in the letter [he had called Blair 'suspicious, hostile, bereft of ideas']. We were willing to try to save the magazine by getting behind Kotlowitz as a guarantor of what we had done. That was our fallback position. But it was all hopeless. We kept offering lifesavers to Cowles, and he kept ignoring them."

Cowles came armed with a prepared

(*Continued on page* 56)

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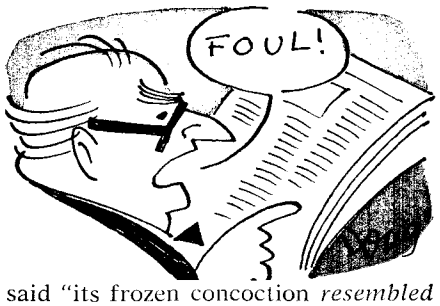

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SAY IT

by SAMUEL G. BLACKMAN

A list of birth notices would appear to be the least of the libel worries of a newspaper editor. Yet, the fact that an upstate New York newspaper had to defend a suit by a woman whose name was in such a listing illustrates the care and concern required in every editorial department.

The woman who brought the suit against the Rochester *Times-Union* claimed she had not lived with her husband for fifteen months; she had, in fact, started a divorce action and said publication of the birth notice defamed her. The *Times-Union*, which obtains such lists from the Monroe County Health Department, won the case in New York State Supreme Court, which said vital statistics are a matter of public concern and "the test is whether the publication was a fair and truthful report of a matter contained in a public record, . . . regardless of whether the information contained therein was true."

Libel suits are no longer as successful as they once were, thanks in large measure to recent decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States. Its 1964 ruling in the *New York Times* case that a public official cannot recover damages unless he can prove "actual malice" was a landmark. The Court said that a public official must prove, as part of his case, and by convincing clarity of the proofs, that a news story was written "with knowledge that it was false, or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not." In other words, if the editor didn't know it was false, he made a serious accusation and took a chance on it.

The *New York Times* decision means that the plaintiff in a libel case has the responsibility to prove that a news story is not only false and defamatory but written with such "actual malice." Previously, all he had to do was to read the publication in court, and the newspaper had to prove truth by legal evidence—often a difficult task.

The Court's ruling in the *New York Times* case was extended in 1967 to include "public figures." This was the basis for reversal of a $500,000 judgment obtained in a lower court by retired Gen. Edwin Walker against the Associated Press. In recent weeks, the Court has widened the protection of the press further against libel suits by politicians.

What these decisions add up to, says Harry Green, well-known New Jersey libel attorney, is to provide "an umbrella of protection over newspapers." Green, who has handled hundreds of libel cases—prosecuting suits against newspapers as well as defending them—says "a new interpretation of the federal First Amendment has opened wide the protection of the press, and newsmen need not be so concerned about the bugaboo of libel, as long as they act in good faith and responsibly."

Robert H. Goldman, counsel for a number of newspapers in New England, takes a similar view. Writing in the *Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors*, he said the *Times* and Walker decisions, among others, had contributed to "a wise and farsighted breakthrough in the field of libel."

He further noted: "This once-antiquated area of the law is becoming, and will in the future increasingly become, one of those fields of law most in tune with the need and demands of the era in which we live. . . . The 'old days' when injured citizens, and especially injured politicians, rushed to court to avenge their 'honor' against the newspaper that had allegedly libeled them have not entirely faded into memory. Many traces of the former law still remain. But we are on a new road in libel law, and there is no turning back."

The decisions announced by the Court in late February prompted Mr. Goldman to say that "the trend is now even more obvious." However, newsmen should not be lulled into a false sense of security. The news stories that generate the most claims of injury to reputation—the basis of libel—are run-of-the-mill. E. Douglas Hamilton of New York City, who was a lawyer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, estimates that 95 of 100 such suits are in that category and result from publication of charges of crime, immorality, incompetence, and inefficiency. Most of these suits result from a reporter's negligence in getting his facts straight or from his use of *inexact* language. As to the latter: An ice cream company filed a libel suit because a newspaper said "its frozen concoction *resembled* ice cream"; a lawyer who acknowledged being a lobbyist sued because a newspaper referred to his lobbying as *illicit*. There's nothing wrong with being a lobbyist, but the lawyer said that the description *illicit* connoted wrongdoing.

I contend that a newspaper or a magazine can publish with little risk any story that should be published if it follows the ground rules. For practical purposes, they can be reduced to two: 1) Is the material provably true? And 2) Is it privileged?

Privilege is of two kinds—absolute and qualified. Absolute privilege means that there is no question you can use the material without fear of actionable libel, even though it may be false, malicious, and damaging. This includes judicial, legislative, public, and official proceedings, and the contents of public records. What is printed must, of course, be a fair and accurate summary of the proceedings or the public record.

Qualified privilege is just that—it's not as tight legally as absolute—but a newspaper will print the information in the public interest. If it is a fair report, the chances of actionable libel are slight. There is no absolute privilege, for instance, in saying a person is held for questioning, but there is qualified privilege and the detention is easily provable. Statements made outside the court by an official or an attorney, and going beyond the words of an indictment, are not privileged. Newspapers often use them, taking the risk because they feel the importance of a case and public interest warrant doing so.

Statements made by the President of the United States or a governor *in the course of executive proceedings* have absolute privilege, even if false or defamatory. However, this absolute privilege may not apply to statements having no relation to executive proceedings. A ticklish case arose in a Presidential press conference when Sarah McClendon, a Washington newspaper reporter, asked President Kennedy why "two well-known security risks" had been put on a task force to help reorganize the Office of Security in the State Department.

"Well, now, who?" the President asked.

Mrs. McClendon gave names, prompting the President to say, "The term

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SAMUEL G. BLACKMAN is the retired General News Editor of the Associated Press and author of a booklet for the AP, *The Dangers of Libel.*

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you've used to describe them is a very strong term, which I would think that you should be prepared to substantiate."

Some newspapers, on the advice of their lawyers, did not use the names. The Associated Press did. Newspapers telephoned the AP asking if the story was privileged. We replied there was no absolute privilege, but, since the President himself—not the press—had asked for the names, it seemed to us it was in the public interest to report it fully.

The New York Times (which also carried the names in a page 1 story) reported the next day that representatives of the three television networks met with Undersecretary of State George W. Ball to discuss whether the networks might be sued if they carried the tapes of the episode as part of their conference coverage. They were told that they could not be given any assurance to the contrary. The real legal question, the *Times* said, "was whether they would be justified in carrying the episode in good faith as part of complete, impartial coverage of the President." The National Broadcasting Company deleted the question from its taped broadcast, a spokesman explaining "the deletion was made because in our editorial judgment the charges are regarded as not legally privileged, or not immune from libel."

There was no suit against the Associated Press nor, to the best of my knowledge, against anyone else. Experienced counsel in this field says it is now constitutionally privileged under the *New York Times* rule.

After the civil rights march on Selma, Alabama, George Wallace, then the Governor, appeared on the *Today* television show and said some of the marchers were members of Communist and Communist-front organizations. He named some of them and the newspapers carried the names. One of those named sued for $2.5-million. The courts have ruled that publishing that a person is a Communist is libelous on its face if he is not one. Oddly, saying a person is such is not actionable slander.

The Supreme Court's recent Constitutional decisions for freedom of the press, mentioned earlier, offer safeguards not heretofore defined. A little background:

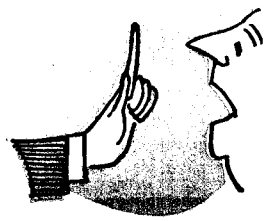
In 1960 *The New York Times* carried an advertisement, signed by a number of friends of civil rights in the North, and, without their knowledge, by four Negro ministers in the South. The ad was critical of the handling of racial demonstrations by public officials in Montgomery, Alabama. No names were mentioned, but the Police Commissioner of Montgomery, L. B. Sullivan, sued the four ministers and *The New York Times* for libel. In an Alabama court, Sullivan won a judgment of $500,000 against the *Times* and the four clergymen collectively. The Alabama court found the ad "libelous per se"—in other words, defamation was evident from the article itself.

In many states, but not all, truth is an absolute defense to libel, regardless of motivation. The *Times* could not argue this because it conceded certain errors in the ad, although the manager of advertising acceptability testified he had approved the advertisement for publication because he knew nothing to cause him to believe that anything in it was false. The errors, for example, were that the college dining hall had never been padlocked, as the ad stated, and one minister had been arrested four times, not seven.

So the *Times* argued that the First Amendment to the Constitution bars all libel suits for comment on official conduct. Justice Brennan, who wrote the court's unanimous opinion, said that "neither factual error nor defamatory content suffices to remove the constitutional shield from criticism of official conduct." He held that the Constitution "prohibits a public official from recovering damages for a defamatory falsehood *relating to his official* conduct unless he proves the statement was made with actual malice." And that "erroneous statement is inevitable in free debate, and . . . must be protected if the freedoms of expression are to have the 'breathing space' that they 'need to survive.'"

General Walker sued for libel after the AP reported he had "assumed command" of rioters and "led a charge of students against federal marshals" when James Meredith was admitted to the University of Mississippi in 1962. Walker claimed these statements were false and filed fifteen suits totaling $33-million against the AP and newspapers in various states in which the story was published.

The Supreme Court's decision extending the *Times* ruling to apply to "public figures" was unanimous. But in the same opinions, it ruled five to four against the Curtis Publishing Company in a libel suit brought by Wallace Butts, former athletic director of the University of Georgia, for an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* entitled "The Story of a College Football Fix." The distinction made by the Court between the two cases is very important. The difference was that the Walker story was "hot news," the Butts story investigative reporting—of which newspapers and magazines are doing more and more.



There were four separate opinions in the Walker and Butts cases. The reporters who cover the Supreme Court have one of the most difficult beats in Washington, and you can imagine the care with which they had to dissect these opinions to report within minutes a unanimous decision against Walker and a five-to-four decision for Butts.

Justice Harlan wrote one opinion in which three other Justices concurred. Five other members of the Court concurred in the result in the AP-Walker case but rested their decision on other grounds.

Justice Harlan said that "both Butts and Walker commanded a substantial amount of independent public interest" to be called "public figures." His opinion continued:

> The dispatch which concerned us in Walker was news which required immediate dissemination. The Associated Press received the information from a correspondent who was present at the scene of the events and gave every indication of being trustworthy and competent. . . . Considering the necessity for rapid dissemination, nothing in this series of events gives the slightest hint of a severe departure from accepted publishing standards.

In the *Saturday Evening Post* story, Butts was accused of giving University of Georgia strategy secrets to Paul Bryant, coach of the University of Alabama, prior to the 1962 game between the two colleges. The *Post* story was, in effect, that of an Atlanta insurance salesman who said he was cut in accidentally on a telephone conversation between Butts and Bryant. The Court was critical of the way the *Post* handled the story, saying the *Post* ignored "elementary precautions." The Court said the salesman's notes were not viewed by any of the magazine's personnel prior to publication; a man who was supposed to have been with the salesman when the telephone call was made was not interviewed; no attempt was made to screen the films of the game to see if the salesman's information was accurate and the man who wrote the article was not a football expert. The Court further said the *Post* knew its informant had been placed on probation in connection with bad check charges.

Then Justice Harlan said: "In short, the evidence is ample to support a find-

(*Continued on page* 56)

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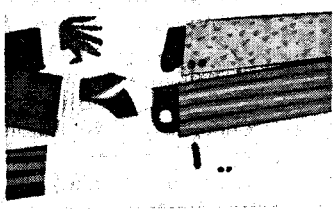
Public Relations



Seeing the Forest for the Trees

The company-sponsored book is, with rare exceptions, a crashing bore. Badly conceived, and directed by minor executives who fear the possibility of a wart showing, company histories are among the most indefensible wastes of stockholders' money. Often books are published to massage the vanity of the firm's chief executive, who tends to believe the paeans of his underlings. But even the book that is financed by a corporation with the best of intentions is rarely read outside the company. The book's concept is often too narrow to attract wide readership, and the author is generally so harassed by the niggling fears of public relations staffers that the final result is frequently a disaster. Yet, there is a place for the book supported by company funds, provided it serves some external purpose, meets an important, unfilled need, is done with good taste, and does not beat the reader over the head with clubs of corporate promotion.

Worthy of a close look is one company-sponsored book that has been more than a passing success and has been chosen by two reputable book clubs for their members. In addition, the volume has been bought so extensively that it has more than repaid the company's initial outlay and will for years help enhance the firm's reputation. The main reason for the book's success is that it serves the wants of a large number of readers.

The Secret Life of the Forest did not spring full-blown from the head of an executive of the St. Regis Paper Company, the book's sponsor. Its origins go back six years. The original concept was an advertising campaign designed to tell the story of trees and forests. It was decided that if the program was to have an impact, it had to run for a minimum of five years; the art work had to be botanically accurate; all statements had to be scientifically correct; the identification of the company should not be obtrusive or in any way interfere with the basic purpose of describing the life of the forest.

From the beginning, the advertising campaign had strong conservationist and educational overtones. The first magazine advertisement, for instance, carried botanically accurate color illustrations of twelve different types of trees, their seeds, cones, and leaves, with a clear description of each. The same general approach ran through five full years of the campaign. The principal artist, who so meticulously drew the trees and all that went with them, was Jack J. Kunz, a nature artist of high merit.

The demand for reprints of the advertisements was brisk, for they met a need of nature lovers in general and of schoolteachers who taught botany. St. Regis, to meet this demand, prepared high-quality wall charts based on the advertisements for use in high schools and colleges. In all, more than 1,600,000 reprints were mailed to individuals and schools requesting them. Additional recognition came to St. Regis through an award by the National Association of Science Teachers and an award in *SR*'s annual selection of distinguished advertising in the public interest.

Almost from the campaign's inception, William B. Bunn, St. Regis's advertising manager, now retired, as well as Cunningham & Walsh, the company's ad agency, considered the possibility that a hardcover book might grow out of the advertisements. The art work for such a book was there, but an effective text was lacking.

In the course of the search for a book publisher, St. Regis Paper went to American Heritage Press, whose managing director, Richard M. Ketchum, a nature lover himself, undertook to write the text. St. Regis made only one request: that foresters and botanists review the typescript for accuracy.

The Secret Life of the Forest is 11½" x 9", is attractively boxed, runs 110 pages with some 200 full-color illustrations, and sells for $7.95. Only in two places in the book—in the acknowledgments and on the title page—is St. Regis mentioned. It is the reverse of a hard sell by the company. On its part, to assure the publication of the book, St. Regis agreed to buy 20,000 copies. The company's royalty is 5 per cent of the retail price of each book sold through stores and one-third of all book-club income.

The Book-of-the-Month Club's Midwinter 1971 "special alternate for ecologists of all ages" was *The Secret Life of the Forest*. The Outdoor Life Book Club made the same book its choice, the printing for this being an initial 85,000 copies. St. Regis's employees, stockholders, and customers have been buying the book as has the general public. By the end of this year, it is estimated that, including book-club sales, 160,000 copies will be sold. By any standards, a formidable sale. Since trade publishers are happy when a hardcover book sells more than 10,000 copies, the extent of the St. Regis book's success is measurable.

So highly regarded are the illustrations of *The Secret Life of the Forest* that the Hunt Botanical Library of Carnegie-Mellon University is showing the originals from which they were reproduced. Twenty-two paintings Mr. Kunz did for St. Regis Paper from 1964 to 1968 are a major part of this exhibition, which began in mid-October and is still running at the Pittsburgh Gallery.

It is difficult to find another case of an advertising campaign begetting a successful book. It is also not easy to find company-sponsored books of any kind that have had the wide appeal of *The Secret Life of the Forest*. Nor is it easy to find managements as foresighted as that of St. Regis, which has been willing to underwrite a needed information program without asking for big, fat, immediate credits. Long-run good will is what St. Regis Paper set out to get six years ago. There isn't any doubt that the company's efforts are bearing fruit.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

WIT TWISTER #212

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He once _ _ _ _ _ _ in, to
scold her for her bills.
But barely _ _ _ _ _ _, she
bared a slender limb.
This tempting tonic soothed his
fiscal chills—
And she no longer has to _ _ _
_ _ _ him.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 56)

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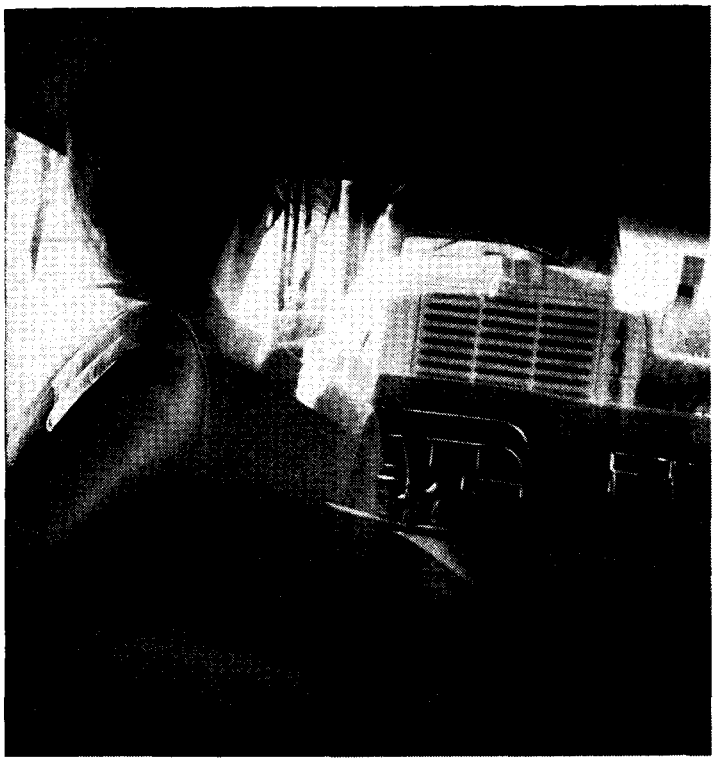

Joel Stuart is about to be killed obeying a Vermont traffic law in Kansas.

The signal light was yellow. So he stepped harder on the gas to try and drive through the intersection before the light turned red.

He never expected the truck to start crossing the intersection. Not until it was too late.

Because in Vermont, where he comes from (and in 31 other states), a driver can drive through an intersection before the yellow light turns red.

But in Kansas (as well as in 11 other states) a yellow signal light means stop.

And Joel Stuart is more than a thousand miles from being right. In fact, he's going to be dead wrong.

Five years ago about 94 million people drove from one state to another. This year that number will probably be a lot higher.

But nobody knows how many drivers are confused by basic rules of road and right-of-way that change from state to state.

We do have one statistic however: Last year 12 per cent (6,000) of all highway fatalities involved out-of-state drivers.

And experts claim that if there were uniform nationwide traffic laws, instead of so many laws that change from state to state, 2,000 lives a year would be saved.

That senseless loss frightens us. That's why we're asking you to write to the Director of the National Highway Safety Bureau in Washington, and to the governor of your state—to let them know you also want uniform nationwide traffic laws, as recommended in the National Highway Safety Standards.

Be frightened with us. Please.
It could save your life.

The Continental Insurance Companies, the dial-a-claim companies.

Top ad of the year: The Continental Insurance Companies' entry was the overwhelming choice of eighteen professional judges.

SR's NINETEENTH ANNUAL ADVERTISING AWARDS

Powerful Copy in the Public Interest

For the first time in the nineteen-year history of *SR*'s Advertising Awards competition, one advertisement was virtually the unanimous choice of the judges: a double-truck ad in black and white produced for the Continental Insurance Companies by Doyle Dane Bernbach and published in *U. S. News and World Report*. Although many of the judges expressed the opinion that this year's entries were the best in some time, unanimity about the Continental Insurance Companies' candidate was so overwhelming as to be without precedent.

The prize-winning ad, the work of Michael Uris, art director, and Steve August, copy writer, is based on the unhappy fact that there is no uniform nationwide traffic code and that what is legal in one state is a violation in another. In this case, "Joel Stuart" is about to be killed observing a Vermont traffic law while driving in Kansas. In

1971 Awards Committee

S. R. Bernstein, *Publisher, Advertising Age*
David Botsford, Jr., *Chairman, Botsford Ketchum Inc.*
Fairfax M. Cone, *Director, Foote, Cone & Belding*
Tom Dillon, *President, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Arthur E. Duram, *President, Fuller & Smith & Ross Inc.*
Earl English, *Dean Emeritus, School of Journalism, University of Missouri*
John R. Everett, *President, New School for Social Research*
Charles A. Foster, Jr., *Vice President, Public Affairs, Shell Oil Company*
Kermit O. Hanson, *Dean, Graduate School of Business Administration, University of Washington*
Louis Harris, *President, Louis Harris and Associates, Inc.*
James L. Isham, *President, Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Robert P. Keim, *President, The Advertising Council, Inc.*
Herbert D. Maneloveg, *SFM Media Service Corporation*
Edward N. Ney, *President, Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
O. W. Riegel, *Professor and Director Emeritus, Lee Memorial Journalism Foundation, Washington and Lee University*
Alfred L. Seelye, *Chairman and President, Wolverine World Wide, Inc.*
Alvin von Auw, *Vice President, American Telephone & Telegraph Company*
Willis J. Winn, *Dean, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania*

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Vermont (as in thirty-one other states) a driver may drive through an intersection before the yellow light turns red, but, says the ad copy, in Kansas (as in eleven other states) a yellow signal light means stop. The Vermont driver died obeying his own state law.

The number of Americans who drive from one state to another now runs into nine figures each year. In 1969, 12 per cent of all highway fatalities involved out-of-state drivers. According to the prize-winning insurance ad, "experts claim that if there were uniform nationwide traffic laws instead of so many laws that change from state to state, two thousand lives a year would be saved." It's a powerful piece of copywriting, as arresting as any ad could be, and perhaps as useful in the public interest—a fact that did not escape *SR*'s panel of judges.

This year's competition drew hundreds of top-flight entries in the very definition of public interest. The advertisements are annually judged according to three classifications: corporate, public relations, and public service. Although these categories often overlap, entries in the corporate advertising area explain continuing research, management effort, or the inventiveness and engineering a company puts into improving its product or services. Public relations advertising, on the other hand, discusses a company's (or an industry's) problems, policies, social philosophy, or goals, or even explains basic principles of the American enterprise system in such a way as to shed light upon the economy and society. Public service advertising is designed to promote voluntary, individual actions toward solving national problems and in support of worthwhile causes.

In the corporate category, Olin's theme was the four-day work week: Can Americans survive it? Or, to put it more succinctly: What is the average man going to do with his three-day weekend? Olin manufactures a great many products for the leisure-time market, including skis and tents; it also owns a film company and a printing press service, both of which are devoted exclusively to outdoor recreation. Doyle Dane Bernbach was Olin's agency, as well as the overall winner's, Continental Insurance Companies.

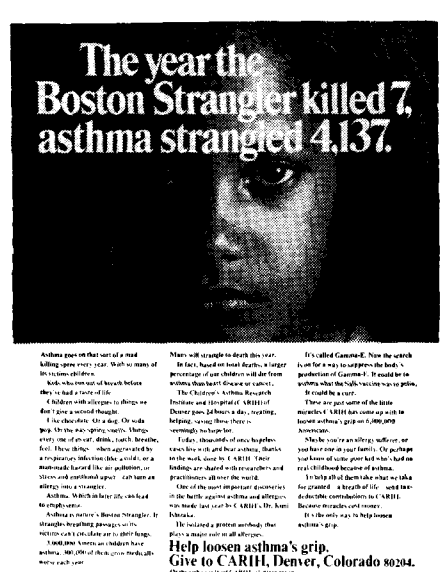
In the public relations section, Shell Oil's campaign aimed at training dropouts and rehabilitating twenty million Americans now locked in ghettos and slums was the judges' choice. This campaign was the work of Kenyon & Eckhardt, which, incidentally, won the top prize two years ago for Shell. *Newsweek* ran a series of "responsibility messages" during 1970, including the prize-winning ad in the public service category, "Ten Facts Parents Should Know About Marijuana." The ad pictures the narcotic weed in question, while the copy details places it comes from, who uses it, how it works on the human system, why it is linked to such hard drugs as heroin, the penalties for its use and possession, and other perti-

Nineteenth Annual SR Awards: Following in alphabetical order are the names of twenty-six campaigns that won *Saturday Review*'s nineteenth Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest along with the names of the agencies that prepared the winning advertisements.

Company	Agency
Addressograph Multigraph Corporation	*Griswold-Eshleman Company*
Allstate Insurance Companies	*Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
American Institute of Architects	*Doremus & Company*
American Telephone & Telegraph Company	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Atlantic Richfield Company	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Bethlehem Steel	*Van Brunt & Co., Inc.*
The Continental Insurance Companies	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States	*Foote, Cone & Belding*
General Electric	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
IBM	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Motorola Communications and Electronics, Inc.	*Griswold-Eshleman Company*
Newsweek	*Richard Kerr*
Olin Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
Polaroid Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
Reynolds Metals Company	*Clinton E. Frank, Inc.*
St. Regis Paper Company	*Cunningham & Walsh Inc.*
Seagram Distillers Company	*Warwick & Legler, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company	*Kenyon & Eckhardt Inc.*
State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Union Carbide Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*

Special Mentions

CARIH (Children's Asthma Research Institute and Hospital)	*Rumrill-Hoyt, Inc.*
American Cancer Society	*Green Dolmatch, Inc.*
Southern Regional Council, Appalachia Volunteers, and Barrio Youth Project, Inc.	*VanSant-Dugdale & Co., Inc.*


The year the Boston Strangler killed 7, asthma strangled 4,137.
Help loosen asthma's grip.
Give to CARIH, Denver, Colorado 80204.

These two ads were the overwhelming favorites in the voting for special mention awards in SR's competition.

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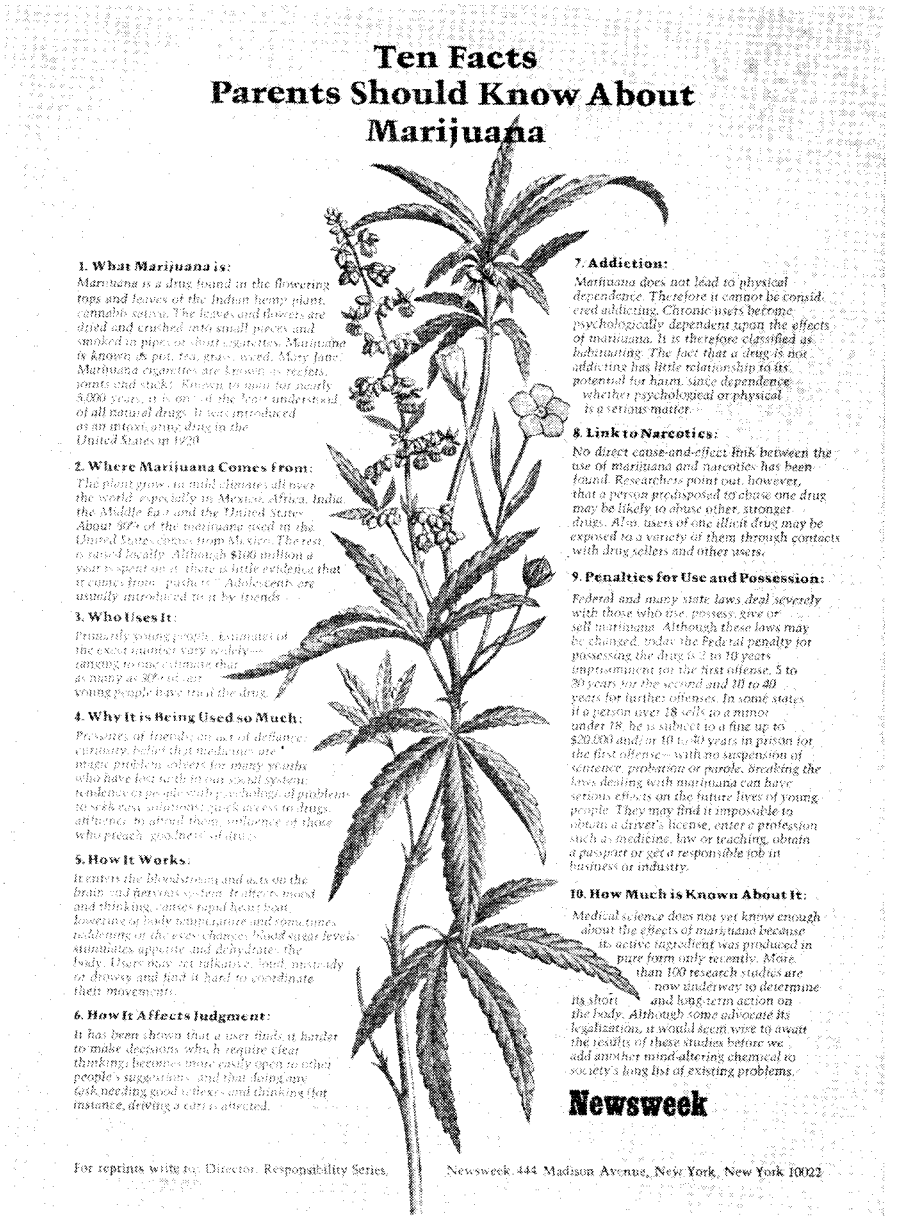
nent facts. Reprints of this series were made available to families and schools, which flooded the newsmagazine with requests for same—proof of a public service function.

One of the most effective ads submitted this year was the Southern Regional Council's plea for hungry Americans, particularly young ones. The work of VanSant-Dugdale, the ad pictures a painfully thin child whose belt is pulled tighter than most, looking straight at the reader from under the headline: Take this ad to lunch. Another striking ad popular with the judges this year was CARIH's drive to raise contributions for young sufferers of asthma. The copy explains: "The year the Boston Strangler killed 7, asthma strangled 4,137." The ad was the work of Rumrill-Hoyt. These two ads outpolled all others in the special mention category devoted exclusively to eleemosynary causes.

Advertising is a tremendous force in this country, a multibillion-dollar business in which billings of more than $25-million were handled by each of more than sixty agencies in calendar 1970. J. Walter Thompson, McCann-Erickson, Young & Rubicam, and Ted Bates, the top four in billings last year, together serviced more than $2-billion worth of advertising in what was generally considered a "poor" year.

Across the country, however, 1970 was a tough year in the advertising business, with the top sixty agencies reducing their domestic payrolls by 1,561 people—an average of twenty-six employees per agency. Yet, total billings of all agencies surveyed in *Advertising Age*'s annual report passed the $10-billion mark, up $300-million from the previous year, though most of this was from an increase in international business, with domestic billings barely holding even. Just the same, the power and importance of advertising in and to the American economy was beyond calculation.

One trend perfectly obvious in 1970 was the far greater awareness within the advertising fraternity of its obligation to the public weal. Campaign after campaign stressed the public good, whether by promoting a firm's product or by trying to solve a pressing national problem through publicity and concrete suggestion. To this end, the quality of the advertisements entered in *SR*'s Advertising Awards competition was, in the opinion of the majority of the judges, the best ever submitted—the best written, the most carefully planned in the public interest, the most thoughtfully created through pictures and words. Perhaps the comparatively hard times of 1970 helped promote an aura in which sober con-


Ten Facts
Parents Should Know About
Marijuana
1. What Marijuana is:
Marijuana is a drug found in the flowering tops and leaves of the Indian hemp plant, cannabis sativa. The leaves and flowers are dried and crushed into small pieces and smoked in pipes or hand cigarettes. Marijuana is known as pot, tea, grass, weed, Mary Jane. Marijuana cigarettes are known as reefers, joints and sticks. Known to man for nearly 5,000 years, it is one of the best understood of all natural drugs. It was introduced as an intoxicating drug in the United States in 1920.
2. Where Marijuana Comes From:
The plant grows in mild climates all over the world, especially in Mexico, Africa, India, the Middle East and the United States. About 30% of the marijuana used in the United States comes from Mexico. The rest is raised locally. Although $100 million a year is spent on it, there is little evidence that it comes from "pushers." Adolescents are usually introduced to it by friends.
3. Who Uses It:
Primarily young people. Estimates of the exact number vary widely—ranging to one estimate that as many as 30% of our young people have tried the drug.
4. Why It is Being Used so Much:
Pressures, or feelings on a sort of defiance, certainly helps explain why so many middle class youths are "turned on." Marijuana is simply another problem solvent for many youths who have lost faith in our social system, tendency to put off reality, including all problems to seek easy solutions, gives access to drugs, attitudes, by and large, influence of those who preach goodness of drugs.
5. How It Works:
It enters the bloodstream and acts on the brain and nervous system. It affects mood and thinking, causes rapid heart beat, loosening of body coordination and sometimes reddening of the eyes, changes blood sugar levels, stimulates appetite and dehydrates the body. Users may get talkative, loud, unusually or drowsy and find it hard to coordinate their movements.
6. How It Affects Judgment:
It has been shown that a user finds it harder to make decisions which require clear thinking, becomes more easily open to other people's suggestions, and that doing any task needing good reflexes and thinking (for instance, driving a car) is affected.
7. Addiction:
Marijuana does not lead to physical dependence. Therefore it cannot be considered addicting. Chronic users become psychologically dependent upon the effects of marijuana. It is therefore classified as habituating. The fact that a drug is not addictive has little relationship to its potential for harm, since dependence, whether psychological or physical is a serious matter.
8. Link to Narcotics:
No direct cause-and-effect link between the use of marijuana and narcotics has been found. Researchers point out, however, that a person predisposed to abuse one drug may be likely to abuse other, stronger drugs. Also, users of one illicit drug may be exposed to a variety of them through contacts with drug sellers and other users.
9. Penalties for Use and Possession:
Federal and many state laws deal severely with those who use, possess, give or sell marijuana. Although these laws may be changed, today the Federal penalty for possessing the drug is 2 to 10 years imprisonment for the first offense, 5 to 20 years for the second and 10 to 40 years for further offenses. In some states if a person over 18 sells to a minor under 18, he is subject to a fine up to $20,000 and/or 10 to 40 years in prison for the first offense—with no suspension of sentence, probation or parole. Breaking the laws dealing with marijuana can have serious effects on the future lives of young people. They may find it impossible to obtain a driver's license, enter a profession such as medicine, law or teaching, obtain a passport or get a responsible job in business or industry.
10. How Much is Known About It:
Medical science does not yet know enough about the effects of marijuana because its active ingredient was produced in pure form only recently. More than 100 research studies are now underway to determine its short and long-term action on the body. Although some advocate its legalization, it would seem wise to await the results of these studies before we add another mind-altering chemical to society's long list of existing problems.
Newsweek
For reprints write to: Director, Responsibility Series, Newsweek, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

Newsweek's original ad appeared in three colors and drew a majority of the judges' votes in the contest for public service campaigns.

Public Service Campaigns: In the balloting for the overall awards for public interest advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the public service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, Public Relations and Corporate.

Company	Agency
Addressograph Multigraph Corporation	*Griswold-Eshleman Company*
American Institute of Architects	*Doremus & Company*
The Continental Insurance Companies	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States	*Foote, Cone & Belding*
Motorola Communications and Electronics, Inc.	*Griswold-Eshleman Company*
Newsweek	*Richard Kerr*

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Can Americans survive a four-day work week?

There's one major problem with the 4-day work week—the 3-day weekend.

Too many of us throw away our leisure time, simply because we're not aware of all the things we could be doing. We spend more time than we'd like flat on our backs, watching TV, or collapsed on a hammock in the back yard.

So, if the 4-day week comes, Americans will have to look hard for a way to fill what could be a debilitating 3-day vacuum. And American industry will have a chance to satisfy an enormously expanded leisure-time market.

At Olin, we've begun to work on this in two ways. One, by educating the public to the opportunities for fulfilling non-work. Two, by providing products and services to meet leisure-time needs.

Our educational arm is Winchester® Press, one of the few presses in the world devoted exclusively to recreational (principally outdoor) activities. To complement this, Olin has an interest in Harbinger Productions, a film company which will do the same job as our press in the audio-visual field.

As to products and services—our subsidiary, the Olin Ski Company, manufactures quality skis in Switzerland and the U. S. and markets them internationally—we have a major position in the camping equipment field—we're one of the leading manufacturers of tents—we're in the midst of expanding Winchester® Adventures into a total sport and adventure travel service, which will include camera safaris, river running expeditions, skin diving, skiing and wilderness trips—and, in cooperation with Pan Am, and other organizations, we're building 10 safari lodges in East Africa.

To this can be added our century-long involvement in recreational shooting, hunting and game conservation.

In short, we're off to a good start in a burgeoning field.

So if the 4-day work week ever comes, the 3-day vacuum won't. **Olin**

Corporate ad winner was Olin's discourse on more leisure time and how its products will help.

Corporate Campaigns: An alphabetical list of the winners:

Company	Agency
Atlantic Richfield Company	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
General Electric	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Olin Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
Polaroid Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
St. Regis Paper Company	*Cunningham & Walsh Inc.*
Union Carbide Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*

Nineteen-Year Honor Roll

Top award-winning campaigns during the past nineteen years:

Year	Company	Agency
1953	**John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company**	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
1954	**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
1955	**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
1956	**Caterpillar Tractor Company**	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
1957	**Weyerhaeuser Company**	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
1958	**E. R. Squibb & Sons**	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
1959	**Weyerhaeuser Company**	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
1960	**Container Corporation of America**	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
1961	**International Paper Company**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
	New York Life Insurance Company	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
1962	**International Paper Company**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
	Weyerhaeuser Company	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
1963	**New York Life Insurance Company**	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
1964	**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
1965	**International Paper Company**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
1966	**International Paper Company**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
	Shell Oil Company (Public Service)	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
1967	**Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.**	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
1968	**International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation**	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
	Mobil Oil Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
	Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
1969	**Shell Oil Company**	*Kenyon & Eckhardt Inc.*
1970	**McGraw-Hill Publications**	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
1971	**The Continental Insurance Companies**	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*

sideration of the public weal became something more than lip-service to a policy manual.

In his recent readable book on a lifetime in advertising, *With All Its Faults*, Fairfax M. Cone, one of the founders of Foote, Cone & Belding, and one of this year's judges, writes of the *SR* competition and of institutional, public service advertising generally: "For years the *Saturday Review* has made awards to a growing number of advertisers and agents who have taken advertising beyond the call of duty to explain and argue and defend and attack all manner of good and evil aspects of our life and times, and some of their efforts have been so successful that the critics' failure to note them can only be put down as calculated and irresponsible. Much of what I am talking about is called institutional advertising, and it appears in several forms. One of them is public relations advertising and another is public service advertising. The longtime Weyerhaeuser campaign in magazines (now also on television) that explains the company's program of reforestation is a prime example of the first, for it is a direct answer to the charge of lumbermen's contemptuous destruction of national resources. The Caterpillar Tractor Company has used its advertising to explain reclamation projects in which its products are engaged and to point out ways in which other communities and municipalities can look

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forward to public improvements of a similar nature. This I would call public service.

"In neither of these instances (and there are many more) is there any direct connection between the advertiser and his audience. He sells to someone else. The advertising is a matter of education and elucidation and the climate in which the advertiser's business is done. Institutional advertising of a slightly different cast has been carried on for many years by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in the interest of better health; by Warner & Swasey, toolmakers in Cleveland, who have attacked inflation in all its many guises; and by the Container Corporation, which has presented the wisdom of the ages in a long series of brief quotations embellished with brilliant illustrations or even more remarkable abstractions. These campaigns serve as strong backgrounds for the salesmen who must approach the advertisers' best prospects, very few of whom ever telephone an insurance company, a lathe maker, or a manufacturer of paper cartons.

"Advertising as a public service is another variation. It comes closer to the Advertising Council concept. There is no direct connection between the advertising and the advertiser's products, but the subject of the advertising is strongly connected with the advertiser's interests. Thus the Mobil Oil Company publishes powerful appeals to the public to drive safely so that they may continue to be customers. The Better Vision Institute of the American Optical Company and associated optical goods manufacturers warn against failing sight and blindness, and suggest how these may be avoided. General Electric explains the Pacemaker, the electric heart stimulant that is surgically implanted under the skin. International Paper Company presents both the joys and the lifetime values in reading. Seagram's advertises so that teen-agers and their parents will understand that drinking is a pleasure that should be reserved for adults.

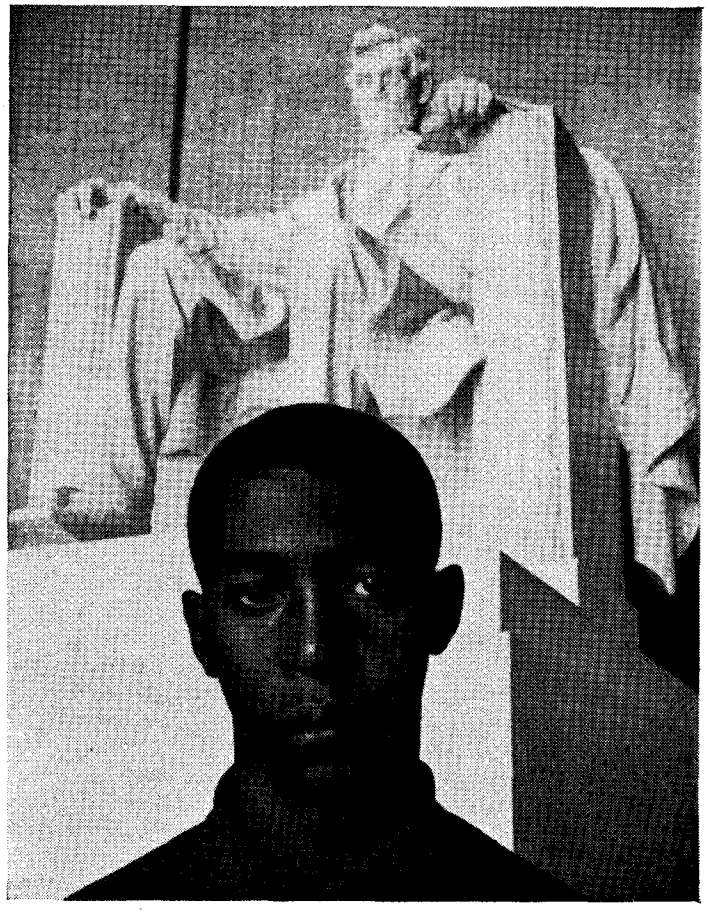
"One may hope, and I do, that institutional advertising is just now getting its second wind, after the hiatus that followed the return to product selling in the aftermath of World War II. Except for their contributions to the Advertising Council, most advertisers then took a hard-nosed look at anything not directly connected with product selling. When the *Saturday Review* began to make its awards, there was barely enough such advertising to fit a single category."

From the perfect flood of submissions to the nineteenth annual *SR* competition, this is no longer a problem. The trend is Fax Cone's way, never to be reversed in an ever more socially conscious world.

—R. L. T.

Public Relations: An alphabetical list of the winners:

Company	Agency
Addressograph Multigraph Corporation	*Griswold-Eshleman Company*
Allstate Insurance Companies	*Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
Bethlehem Steel	*Van Brunt & Company, Inc.*
The Continental Insurance Companies	*Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.*
IBM	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Seagram Distillers Company	*Warwick & Legler, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company	*Kenyon & Eckhardt Inc.*



MAN CANNOT LIVE BY FREEDOM ALONE.

Twenty million free Americans are locked in slums.

Living in misery.

Idling away their lives on front stoops.

Because they don't have the training to get and hold decent jobs.

But for some of them there is hope. Because something is being done.

Government and industry are working together to train the unskilled.

Back in January '68 Shell introduced an automotive tune-up course in a New York high school where there was a dropout problem.

The course exposed the students to sophisticated electronic equipment, and to scientific thinking with a practical end.

It was a big success.

For the first time in their lives many of these boys took an interest in school and showed a desire to learn. And continue learning.

Of those who graduated from the course, many went on to college.

In a low-income area of Trenton, New Jersey, Shell has opened a modern packaging plant.

The objective is to make it a business that is owned-and-operated by people of different minority groups.

Business is solicited on a competitive basis, not as a "give-us-the-work-and-you'll-be-helping-the-underdog" plea.

The company began with a contract to package Shell products, and has bright prospects of more business to come.

In cities throughout the country, Shell has made special deposits of nearly one million dollars in banks mostly owned and operated by businessmen of different minorities. These deposits increase the banks' loanable funds to minority businesses.

Shell feels that money for all these programs is well spent. Our goal is to help provide the increased capability America needs. And, of greater importance, to help more Americans share in the tangible rewards of living in this country.

Because without these rewards, freedom has a hollow ring.

Shell's fine ad, originally in four-color, was the winner in the public relations section of SR's annual competition.

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The Strange Case of Libel

Continued from page 49

ing of highly unreasonable conduct constituting an extreme departure from the standards of investigation and reporting ordinarily adhered to by responsible publishers."

In a separate concurring opinion, Justice Warren, whose fifth vote upheld Butts's claim, referred to "slipshod and sketchy investigatory techniques employed to check the veracity of the source." He said the evidence disclosed "reckless disregard for the truth."

One of the three cases decided by the Court in late February extending the *Times* rule was based on a column by Drew Pearson in the Concord (New Hampshire) *Monitor* that characterized a candidate for the Senate as "a former small-time bootlegger." The jury held that the accusation related to the private sector of the candidate's life. Supreme Court Justice Stewart, commenting that a candidate for public office puts before the voters all aspects of his public and private life that he thinks will give the electorate a good impression of him, said: "The candidate who vaunts his spotless record and sterling integrity cannot convincingly cry 'Foul!' when an opponent or industrious reporter attempts to demonstrate to the contrary."

In another case, the Ocala (Florida) *Star-Banner* published an article saying that the Mayor of a Florida city who was running for county tax assessor had been charged in a federal court suit with perjury. The story was wrong; it was the candidate's brother who had been charged. And the judge instructed the jury that the article was "libelous per se." The Supreme Court reversed the judgment, saying the respondent was permitted to recover without a finding "that the newspaper either knew the article was false or published it in reckless disregard of its truth or falsity" under the *New York Times* rule.

The third case involved *Time* magazine and was brought by a Chicago captain of detectives. *Time* had quoted from a report of the United States Civil Rights Commission without indicating that the charges of police brutality were those of the complainant whose home had been raided and not the independent findings of the commission. The Court described the commission's documents as "bristling with ambiguities" and said *Time* did not engage in a "falsification" sufficient to sustain a finding of "actual malice."

An interesting angle here, in view of the belief among newsmen that the word "alleged" is no legal safeguard (which it isn't), is the repeated reference to the fact that *Time* did not use the word. The Court of Appeals had ruled that it was for the jury to determine whether *Time*'s omission of "alleged" showed actual malice. The Supreme Court said *Time* did not engage in a "falsification" sufficient in itself to sustain such a jury finding. But the Court concluded with this "final cautionary note": "Nothing in this opinion is to be understood as making the word 'alleged' a superfluity in published reports of information damaging to reputation. Our decision today is based on the specific facts of this case."

The decisions in the *New York Times* and Associated Press cases offer safeguards not heretofore defined. But it should be remembered that they do not confer license for false defamatory statements or for "reckless disregard" of the truth.

In writing on the Walker and Butts cases, Justice Harlan said, " . . . the law of libel has, of course, changed substantially since the early days of the Republic." Indeed it has. But it hasn't yet gone as far as advocated by Justices Hugo L. Black and William O. Douglas. In a separate opinion on the three cases decided in February, Justice Black wrote (Douglas concurring): "As I have stated before, 'it is time for this Court to abandon *New York Times Company* v. *Sullivan* and adopt the rule to the effect that the First Amendment was intended to leave the press free from the harassment of libel judgments.' "

Answer to Wit Twister, page 50: barged, garbed, badger.

What Happened at Harper's

Continued from page 47

statement, a defense of Blair. From a distant headquarters the commander had arrived on post to shore up the authority of his colonel. Somewhere in a misshapen table of organization the Morris-led *Harper's* had broken apart. The editors had expected the publisher, as owner, to combine both business and editorial responsibilities in his one person, and to be responsive to each equally—not to deal with one through the other as in a military chain of command. According to Halberstam, "John has never realized that the people he was dealing with were not just a bunch of ex-newspaper reporters. They were people who could all be newspaper editors in their own right. They were men who had all turned down direct field commissions. I told Cowles that his trouble was he wanted instant success. He was like Bob McNamara with his charts and his systems and his analyses. I told him, trust your heart, trust your instincts, and it will be all right." Halberstam summarized the St. Regis encounter, "It was as though we were talking in English and Cowles was listening in Chinese, or the other way around." Cowles said, "I thought I understood what they were saying."

For Halberstam it was all over when Cowles, pressed hard to define the magazine they had made, finally blurted out, "Much of it bored me." It was Corry who broke up the meeting. "All right, you say you want to change the magazine, but you don't know to what. And Blair will choose the successor in consultation with you." That was enough; he got up to go. Halberstam felt liberated by Corry's move. He took careful aim and fired a final, measured volley: "Well, John, next time you get a Willie Morris, a Bob Kotlowitz, a Midge Decter, a Larry King, a John Corry, a Marshall Frady, and a David Halberstam, I hope it all works out a little better."

Cowles is genuinely disturbed by the departure of so many able writers and editors he was personally fond of. He does not believe that fatal damage has been done to *Harper's*. Those who know Cowles well are certain he will put up a "terrific fight" for the magazine and is determined to see it succeed. As for the future, he is content to let the thoughts of the new editor reveal themselves in the magazine. And he is not for haste in choosing the successor of Willie Morris.

"We are picking the ninth editor in 121 years," he said. "There is no need for any snap decision on that."

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Communications Letters

Continued from page 42

are? Is not objectivity decided upon subjectively, or does one decide what is objective objectively? How is that accomplished? Objective daily newspapers could be printed on one side of a 9x12 sheet of paper. Subjective reporting makes no claims on its readers except their time. Objective reporting that is subjective, like Mr. Tebbel's article, just pisses people off!

R. K. HILLIS,
Kent, O.

AS EDITOR of a campus newspaper *The New York Times* last year called the most radical in the nation, I was somewhat amused at John Tebbel's "objective" piece on the subjectivity of the old new journalism.

While much of what Tebbel says about the campus and underground press is unfortunately true, his entire article reeks of the subjectivism and distortion he claims to deplore.

I would be very interested to know how many campus newspapers Tebbel has seen in the past years, and what he considers to be a good objective college newspaper. Perhaps he likes those controlled sheets put out under the auspices of some journalism teachers that "cover" campus news by acting as a giant tabloid bulletin board? Having looked carefully at the trend of campus newspapers, I would say that the alumni "newspapers" he speaks of do a lousy job of covering campus news by comparison. *The Colorado Daily*, and it is not alone, covers campus news accurately and extensively. However, that means digging out administrators' lies, racism, sex discrimination, and other things the university would like us to be "objective" about.

Worse than his evaluation of the student press in such generalized terms is Tebbel's assessment of the objectivity of the national media. The college press, at least, admits it is subjective, while the national media continue to hide behind a wall of false "objectivism." One can be objective about a three-alarm fire, but show me those who say they can be objective when covering a Ku Klux Klan speech or a Black Panther convention, and I'll show you liars.

Finally, as a communist and a writer of a weekly political satire (which some non-political people have told me is often very funny), I think humorlessness is not so much a characteristic of the New Left as it is of those writers like Tebbel, whose "objectivity" will not allow him to laugh at a few dirty words he claims the old new journalists use to excess.

TIMOTHY LANGE,
Editor-in-Chief,
The Colorado Daily,
University Memorial Center,
Boulder, Colo.

Of Advertising Education

AS A RECENT graduate in journalism, I must wholeheartedly endorse John J. Russell's

Won't you buy him $240 worth of food for $10?

This little guy is one of the nicest kids you'd ever want to meet. He's one of nine children plus a mother and a grandfather living in a two room shack in an impoverished area of a small Alabama town.

His family's most urgent problem is hunger. There's simply not enough for them to eat. Not just at certain times of the year . . . but day in and day out. Malnutrition is endangering their present health as well as the development of their minds and bodies.

Right now. Right here in the U.S.A., there are thousands of families on the back roads of the rural South whose diets are so inadequate they are facing slow starvation.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for families of tenant farmers, field hands and seasonal workers. Under this federally sponsored program, 50¢ buys as much as $12 worth of Food Stamps. Since many families have almost no income at all, contributions are vital. Your $10 can buy $240 worth of food to help them survive. As one donor recently wrote—"Where else can my modest donation do so much!"

To contribute, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund*
Dept. B8, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

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plea for more relevant education in advertising [MADISON AVENUE, Mar. 13]. After spending four years in college, I felt my credentials entitled me to nothing more than a staff position with the local paper writing obituaries. Instead of "problem solving in advertising" we were taught the Five Ws and told to read *The Selling of a President* to see what "real-life advertising" [is] like.

So many journalism schools, both undergraduate and graduate, fail to equip their students with anything more than a cursory ability to write. For someone like myself, anxious to pursue a career in public relations, college is "marking time" until an opportunity in the business sector presents itself. Certainly more could be done to structure curriculums around the "pragmatics." The Five Ws are still important, but so is a sixth—work.

STEVEN R. CHRISTENSEN, Editor,
The CADCEUS of Kappa Sigma,
Director of Alumni Relations,
Charlottesville, Va.

Of Cigarettes on TV

WE ENJOYED R. L. T.'s editorial "Cigarette Advertising & the Federal Law" [*SR*, Mar. 13]. Our industry has long maintained that if cigarettes are deemed to be so injurious that the advertising of this product should be forbidden, then the legislators have missed the point.

The discriminatory elimination of cigarette advertising in the broadcast media, but not others, is tantamount to saying that a little sin is okay.

In the same article, R. L. T. addressed himself to the unrelated subject of violence on television, but his conclusions were somewhat immoderate—e.g., "Not a broadcast hour goes by but that the most flagrantly brutal scenes are shown on home screens from coast to coast." It isn't true.

D. P. CAMPBELL,
Vice President and General Manager,
WMAR-TV,
Baltimore, Md.

THE BRITISH, after looking at the costs directly attributable to smoking, are now recommending that the whole tobacco industry be shut down. I found out after I stopped smoking a few years ago that my short-term memory could hold three multi-digit numbers, instead of my usual two-digit number. This was a rather sickening experience, particularly because I had worked my way through MIT without smoking—my employers later never got the best, and I never ended up with a million.

J. KUSTOWSKI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Brain Power

Continued from page 13

ing to Dr. Orme, that critical thinking tends to interfere with alpha waves, but that alpha-wave production does not mean blunted intellectual capacity. What alpha production seems to do best for the alpha producer is relax him, insulate him from stressful critical thought, and rehabilitate his autonomic nervous system to some degree.

"What this may mean," Dr. Orme says, "is that alpha might be used to bring down the level of a person's anxiety to a point where he can function at his best. We all need a certain amount of anxiety to function. It is well accepted that we function best as anxiety rises to a certain point on a bell-shaped curve, and past that point we do increasingly worse as anxiety increases. If alpha can be used to knock down anxiety to the point on the curve where we work most effectively, it can be a most important development." However, Dr. Orme is quick to point out that "this is three levels or more from where we are now, but it is something to consider."

Another prospect for visceral learning is its use as a possible alternative to drugs. If, for example, a high alpha output can cause deep relaxation, or a specific focusing of bio-feedback training can loosen up a taut muscle, this could well substitute for the billions of tranquilizers consumed to achieve essentially the same effect. The advantage over drugs might be considerable. For instance, while a tranquilizer acts in a general way on the whole body or an entire bodily system (perhaps with unwanted side effects), bio-feedback training might be specific enough to do the job required and let the rest of the body function undisturbed.

"There is also," says Dr. Orme, "the general question of personal control and how we might be able to bring our emotions under control. We want to know, of course, to what extent an individual can gain control with precision and reliability over the things he fears. A good part of fear is the fear of fear. If you know you are going to be hurt, you will hurt more with exactly the same degree of hurting stimulus. If we can break into some of the feedback loops that are part of the fear cycle, we may be able to control unpleasant and unproductive anxiety."

To Dr. Orme, the goal is clear. "We may be able to become actual masters of our destiny. As a psychiatrist, my purpose is to enable man to decide his own fate instead of his juices deciding for him."

At Rockefeller University, Dr. DiCara, a burly ex-football player, is attempting to unravel some of the whys and hows of visceral learning. In one recent experiment, he and Dr. Eric Stone found that rats trained to increase their heart rate had significantly more of a powerful group of chemicals called catecholamines in their brains and hearts than rats who learned to *lower* their heart rates. In humans, catecholamines are associated with hypertension and coronary artery disease. The possibility of learning to slow the heart rate to achieve beneficial effects on hypertension and heart ailments is intriguing; however, a major obstacle still to be overcome is the inability at present to measure catecholamines in the human brain.

An equally intriguing possibility has been raised by an experiment conducted by Dr. DiCara and Dr. Jay M. Weiss. Rats that had learned to slow their heart rates subsequently showed excellent ability to learn to move back and forth in a shuttle box to avoid an electric shock. Rats trained to speed their hearts learned very poorly and exhibited signs of extreme fearfulness by leaping into the air, squealing, and turning toward their tails with each pulse of shock instead of getting away from it. In contrast, the slow heart-rate rats took each shock in stride, with only "mild jerks," and slowly walked out of the electrified side of the box.

"It is crystal-clear," says Dr. Miller, with whom Dr. DiCara has worked as co-experimenter on many projects, "that heart rate training affects rats' learning. What is further indicated is that the training also affects their emotionality. We cannot jump from the laboratory to the clinic, but we may indeed find that in human subjects trained to lower their heart rates there could be an increased capacity to adapt to stressful situations and a corresponding decrease in emotionality."

The field of bio-feedback training and visceral learning is still only crudely charted. New research teams are forming to explore further; the mechanical and electronic spin-offs of the space age are providing the new tools and infinitely more sensitive measuring devices that are required for progress. But most of all there seems to be a new attitude.

"We have brought four to five thousand years of cultural myths into the laboratory to be investigated," says Dr. Miller, who, in just a few years, has seen the pendulum of interest swing from "great resistance to great readiness." Although he is understandably reluctant to speculate on what the future holds, he is nonetheless confident that the new knowledge about our internal organs will stimulate much more research into the astonishing ability of human beings to learn.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 16

the vibratory sauce to the extent that such an epithet as "chickenshit" came out as nothing more arousing than a "maledizione" in *Rigoletto*.

For one who has been observing since the Thirties academically trained students trying to adapt themselves to "idiomatic" expressions of their times, it was a revelation to observe how easily, naturally, and effectively this cast converted itself into creatures of Farberman's 1970 purpose. Doubtless this had much to do, in the first instance, with the direction of Houseman and the duality of Farberman's influence as composer-conductor; but it said volumes, too, about the orientation of today's talented young performers to the world about them and their involvement with it.

In addition to the previously named Warren, the major roles were admirably embodied by the tall, blond Lenus Carlson as the Maximum Leader, John Seabury as his rebellious subordinate Joker, and James McCray, a very promising tenor, as Ken, the "square" who gets in their way. Polar to them were Barbara Shuttleworth, a lovely-looking and well-sounding likeness of Donna, the outside girl who becomes attached to Buzz, and Julia Lansford, who, as a waitress in the bar, played a sympathetic part sympathetically. Barbara Hendricks and Barbara Martin may have found a career as a pop act out of their impersonation of the Duo (Greek) Chorus. It was, in all, an inspiring augury of what the American Opera Center might make of its fine Juilliard facilities in the future.

Had the ghost of Giuseppe Verdi been given ground time to observe what was happening with *The Losers*, he would have responded with understanding to at least the final tableau showing its two male protagonists dead on the floor. This is more or less the outcome philosophically of *Un ballo in maschera*, which the City Opera is venturing for the first time in a production at the State Theater. This initiative has nothing to do with a belated appreciation of its merits by director Julius Rudel but rather with the development of singers such as Gilda Cruz-Romo to perform Amelia with soaring, if sometimes rough, sound, and Louis Quilico to make more than a presumption of performing Renato. Were Placido Domingo, another Rudel discovery, available for Riccardo, the total result would have been upgraded; Enrico Di Giuseppe did some portions of the part well, others not so well. Muriel Greenspon had an off night as Ulrica, and Patricia Wise sparkled through the music of the page, Oscar. Other aspects of the production will be considered at a future time.

"What happened to the snake?"

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(Continued from page 59)

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LINGUISTIC MOBILE—models transformational theory in 3-d, "living color." $3. Grammar Tree, Box 6, McLean, Virginia 22101.

COLLEGE TOURS for High School Students this spring. Campus Bound has trips visiting Boston, Connecticut Valley, S.U.N.Y., New England Junior Colleges, Missouri and N.Y. Art Schools this April and May. 1-4 days. Contact Campus Bound, P.O. Box 359, New York, N.Y. 10028. 212-744-0726.

GENUINE, OLD U.S. COINS from 1800's—1¢, 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢—all four, $10.00 postpaid. Box 5, Hopkins, Minnesota 55343.

OWL NOTES—$2.00 package. Really cute. Hayden's, Sharon, Wisconsin 53585.

CHOICE MOON LOTS available now. Send $2.00 for deed to Wilbar Corporation, P.O. Box 902, Cape Canaveral, Florida 32920.

CONFERENCE FACILITY—130 acre farm, hour from Philadelphia. Groups 10 to 60, day, weekend, week, longer. Comfortable accommodations, good food, pool, tennis, canoeing. Fellowship House, 1521 West Girard, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19130. 215-765-0283.

MAGNIFYING LENSES—Clip on regular glasses. See tiny print. $3.98. Refundable. Staydrysr, Whitestone, New York 11357.

PROPOSED NEW SCHOOL for intellectually gifted children. Inquire Box A-812.

ROCK CLIMBING in the Shawangunks. Instruction, guided ascents. Box A-809.

THE POORHOUSE window decal. $1.00 each. Jenny Gapp, P.O. Box S-312, Chatham, N.J. 07928.

SITUATIONS WANTED

27-YEAR-OLD PHOTOJOURNALIST seeks meaningful work. Box A-543.

COLLEGE GIRL, Hollins, desires summer position teaching, tutoring math, tennis. Box A-816.

MONTESSORI TEACHER (A.M.I.) desires position September '71, Massachusetts/Connecticut area. Write: 11412 Stewart Lane, A-2, Silver Spring, Maryland 20904.

YALE GIRL, omnicompetent (almost), seeks interesting summer job. Box A-824.

(Continued on page 62)

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SITUATIONS WANTED

(Continued from page 61)

WRITER-EDITOR (public relations, fund raising, publications) seeks responsible, creative position with institution in 50 mile radius of New York. Experienced, versatile, intelligent. Knows layout, type, all phases graphic arts. Box A-810.

COLLEGE STUDENT desires unusual summer job. Roger Warner, 1066 Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut 06520.

M.B.A., B.B.A., 30, big 8 C.P.A., internal audit experience, seeks social oriented position. N.Y. preferred. Box A-821.

NORTHWESTERN COED seeks summer employment as child's tutor, friend. References exchanged. Box A-818.

Ph.D., U.S. AND EUROPEAN academic background, seeks administrative or teaching position. Fields: German and Russian heritage, languages and literature. Promoter of academic programs. Individual teaching approach. Publications. Excellent references by students and administrators. Box A-854.

MALE COLLEGE STUDENT, extensive experience in child care work, looking for challenging summer employment. Box A-840.

YOUNG MAN, B.A., M.S. ecology, diversified background, seeks challenging position in environmental protection. Box A-836.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc., beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligatoin. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

JOBS! OVERSEAS-U.S.A. Year-round and Summer Jobs. Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. Write: JOBSCOPE, Box 746, (SR), Woodbridge, California 95258.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1971 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on employment, business, taxes, education, teaching, housing, ranching, maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108 Cortez, Florida 33522.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher Pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 232-MS, Cumberland, Indiana 46229.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 150,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $6.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for new 1971 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.)

SECRETARY—Small nonprofit Foundation. Excellent typing, spelling, pleasant manner, reliability essential. Mature preferred. Month's vacation first year, good benefits, midtown NYC. State salary requirements. Box A-815.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COUNSELORS: Established boys' camp, Berkshire Mountains, Massachusetts, needs instructors over twenty years. Pioneering, Archery, Riflery, Small Crafts, Sailing, also counselors for 8-9 year olds. Write Camp Lenox, 37 Woodvalley Lane, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

WORK IN ENGLAND, Ireland, Australia or New Zealand this summer. International Student Employment eliminates the red tape involved in seeking a summer job abroad. You may find your own job or have a job prearranged for you. Write Council on International Educational Exchange, Dept. W-8, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

COUNSELORS-TOP MAINE BOYS' CAMP. Swimming (WSI), canoeing, riflery, nature, tennis, crafts, dramatics, fencing, general (younger boys), 20+, single. Beautiful surroundings, excellent salaries. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025. 212-UN 5-0925.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—Keep your U.S. citizenship. New Australian Handbook describing free passage, employment opportunities, business, farming, teaching, etc. $1.00. Employment Directories: Australian businesses, $1.00 U.S. businesses there, $1.00. All three, $2.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CE, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

LONDON—secretaries/typists—work: Spring, Summer or Autumn. Applicants pay own fare. Send 30¢ in stamps, Miss Liberty, Inc., 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212. (Add 30¢ for work/study literature.)

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P44, Orinda, California 94563.

GAL FRIDAY to live in for sprightly lady with arthritic hands. Very light secretarial and checkbook, very light nursing assistance. Escort about city, theatres. Must be excellent driver for summer and winter vacations. Beautiful sunny room, and own entrance in duplex apartment mid-Manhattan. Box A-813.

HOUSEMOTHER WANTED for mentally disturbed young women in rural Vermont therapeutic work community. Maturity and having raised one's own family only qualifications needed. Applicants write Box A-830.

NEW FREE SCHOOL needs certified elementary teacher. $4,500 plus residence. Sally Franz, 434 Oakland, Williamsport, Pennsylvania 17701.

UNIQUE THEATRE COMPANY seeks promoter, fund-raiser to launch performing arts school. Liberal commission, no salary. JLO, Box 157, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48107.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT—Farms, Acreage, Country and Town homes. Free photo lists. Andersen Realty, Realtor, 27 South Main Street, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

UNIQUE HOUSE on edge of mile long lake, on grounds of private club. Beautiful view. 1½ hours from New York, good commuting. Cathedral living room, stone fireplace, floor to ceiling, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, bedroom-den, dining room, modern kitchen, large screened porch. 3 patios, barbecue. Complete privacy. Call 212-759-8232 between 9-11 a.m. or 5 to 6:30 p.m.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

SECLUDED, SPACIOUS, contemporary house with woods and stream. Carpeting. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. Box 146, Storrs, Connecticut 06268.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale/Lease

VIRGIN ISLANDS—8 room private house. Murray, 111 New Road, Kendall Park, N.J. 08824. 201-297-0420.

For Rent—Furnished

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—EDGARTOWN—Private ocean-front home in a community of individually owned homes unlike any other family resort. You have your own private 3 bedroom, 2½ bath, year-round home, complete in every way. Nearby Edgartown offers busy harbors, fine shops and gourmet restaurants on one of New England's most scenic unspoiled islands. When you rent a home at Mattakesett for a week or longer, you enjoy a membership in the Mattakesett Tennis Club (7 championship clay courts). Other facilities, including a large, heated pool, bicycles, kayaks, hibachis and sailboats, are yours for the asking. The 20 mile long unspoiled South Beach is at your doorstep. If you are looking for New England at its finest, send for the Mattakesett brochure: Stanmar, Inc., Box 0-44, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776, or call 617-443-9922.

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior furnishings, 3 bedrooms. Large pool, beach privileges, ocean view. Staff, three. Ideal six persons. $400 per week until December 15th. SR Box A-481.

ST. THOMAS VILLA—9,000 square foot private home. 4 twin bedrooms with private baths. 200 foot private waterfront. Short walk from St. Thomas Yacht Club. Pool. Meals optional. Cottage also available on Cooper Island. Boats. Johnston, The Place, Cowpet Bay, St. Thomas, U.S.V.I. 99081.

SAN FRANCISCO—5 bedrooms. View. Year lease beginning August. $400. SR Box A-839.

For Summer Rental

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—40 secluded acres, private pond, canoe, jon boat. 4 bedrooms. Fully equipped, June through September. SR Box A-46.

IDAHO MOUNTAIN RANCH—Snowcapped peaks, horses, fishing, backpacking, wilderness area. Comfortable cabins sleep 16. Ideal one or two families. Box Z-411.

PORT CLYDE, MAINE—Woodland seaside cottage, electric kitchen. Adults only. Sleeps 3. Monthly rental. SR Box A-856.

VERMONT COTTAGES, LAKE BOMOSEEN. Furnished. Lakefront; swimming, boating. Private spacious grounds. $95-$110 weekly. Seasonal, monthly discounts. Box 167, Killington, Vermont 05751.

CASCO BAY—2 and 4 bedroom cottages. All conveniences. Golf, beaches, boating. $400-$600 monthly. V. Schroeder, Chebeague Island, Maine 04017.

N.H.—Large farmhouse near lake, university. $250 month. Box A-852.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Charming, fully equipped house, fireplace, key to ocean beach. June 15th-September 15th, $2,800. Box 95, West Tisbury, Massachusetts 02575.

ST. THOMAS. Charming tropical house. Swimming pool. Maid. Two minutes' walk to palm-fringed beach. 4 bedrooms (2 double, 2 single), 3 baths. $1,000 monthly. Box 1627, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL—3 bedroom, 2 bath farmhouse near Jacksonville, Vermont. $100 week, $300 month. SR Box A-826.

PORT CLYDE, MAINE—3 room cottage. Electricity, hot water. Ocean view. Adults only. $200 monthly. SR Box A-838.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, N.H.—Large, old 5 bedroom lakefront house. Mr. Owen, 202-293-3300/202-363-1134.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT AREA—4 bedroom farmhouse in secluded valley. Barn, stream, ponds, acreage. Available July and August. 203-453-3350, or SR Box A-832.

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HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

LARGE, SUBSTANTIAL, SECLUDED well-equipped *house and grounds, July 1st-Labor Day, on lake. North-*eastern U.S./Canada. SR Box A-860.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments world-wide. Loan-A-Home, Box A-460.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA—Furnished apartment overlooking Caribbean. Near golf course. Air conditioned. Maid service. Swimming pool. Restaurant. Groceteria. $75 weekly. April 16th-December 14th. A. T. McAnsh, Room 713, 1730 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. 202-659-1235.

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN—Spacious 7 rooms, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, air conditioned, dishwasher. July/August-Labor Day. Box A-822.

NEW YORK—*2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near Gracie Square.* Large terrace, library. Great for children. June-September. $750 per month. 212-BU 8-6273.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Birdwatcher's delight! 1½ water view acres. Also choice 8 acre tract. Private owner. Box 128, Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535. 617-645-2839, 617-645-9712.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—3 wooded lots on Sunset Mountain, overlooking city and facing Smokies. *Only* $6,000. SR Box A-577.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4287.

VACATION PROPERTY—Northwestern Wisconsin. 540' lakefront, crosscut peninsula, large, spring-fed lake. $12,000. Box A-862.

40 ACRES in foothill country of Stillwater County, Montana. Has beautiful view, river access. Box A-808.

NOVA SCOTIA OCEANFRONT and Maine woodland. Certified titles. Terms. For information, write or call Owners, Box 568, Bangor, Maine 04401. 207-942-7588.

CAPE HATTERAS *large seashore oceanfront lot.* Box A-827.

VIRGIN ACRE overlooking Kayuta Lake, Remsen, New York. Robert Fay, Milford, New Hampshire 03055.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

PRIVATE CLUB—Own, operate, self-sustaining, year round in R.I. ocean village. $165,000. Terms. Busy summers, lazy winters. Stone House, Little Compton, R.I. 02837.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY WANTED

BOOKSTORE in small academic community. Prefer New England, consider others. Cash. Box A-853.

SPECIAL CAMPS

BRONCO JUNCTION for bronchial asthma. Unique 8 week camp. Coed 7-16. Narrow-gauge railroad, sports, swimming, campcraft, projects. Complete medical-allergy care. 4th successful season. Nonprofit. Allergy Rehabilitation Foundation, Inc., 805 Atlas Building, Charleston, *West Virginia 25301. Tel. 304-343-5472. Member* A.C.A.

CAMPS

"THE STOWE WORKSHOP"—Community of practicing craftsmen and woodsmen. Seventy boys, ages 9-13. Brochure, Tom Hirchak, Box 73, Stowe, Vermont 05672. Phone 802-888-4662 or 802-253-7731.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coed. Boarding. Ages 9 through 16. Excellent language skills instruction. Under direction of professors. Reading and testing specialists. Fine camping and recreational program. June 27th through August 7th. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963. Phone: 215-862-5505.

MEXICO—Hacienda Del Solar, Taxco. Coed 12-16 (6 weeks). Combines creative cultural athletic camp program with travel. Enrollment limited to 28. C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. 914-337-4394.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories Unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

CAMP BIOTA. Outstanding Natural Science. Boys 8-14. Six weeks. Small enrollment. Horses, canoes. Dr. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake *Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables,* miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Coastal Maine. 34th year. The Girls' Camp—with the French accent. Happy, productive summer for girls 5-18. Casual, congenial, creative fun. A-1 staff, excellent facilities. Elective program; majors in FRENCH, ballet, music, art, drama, riding, tennis, sailing and swimming. C'est magnifique! Mrs. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 10119.

FREE, VALUABLE GUIDE to 50 midwestern camps for boys and girls. Write Midwest Private Camps, 1945 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

THEATRE SUMMER. Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER, Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half-session: July 1st-August 19th. *Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars* in voice, keyboard, all instruments. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

OCEAN PARK SEASIDE CAMP—Maine Coast. Coed. Oriented to exploring relationships: God, Man, Environment. Lifestyle development, Ecology, Marine Biology, Creative Crafts, Expressive Arts, Surf and Pool Bathing. *Nondenominational. Grades 4-9. Leadership Development* Grades 10-12. New England Baptist Council, Ocean Park, Maine 04063.

CAMPS

BRITAIN'S BEST Summer Camps—Ages 8 to 18. Five to seven weeks, $750 to $950 including airfare from New York. BRITISH INTERNATIONAL CAMPS, 310 Madison Avenue, NYC, 10017. 212-877-6052.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, suits boys 13-17; unregimented ranch/travel program. 25th summer. Girls: trip Northwest, ranch ⅓ season. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities for boys and girls, 14-18. Creative thinking through literature, drama, history, music. Work projects; forestry conservation. June 27th-August 8th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($90 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMP. Boys. Private forest, lake, trout stream. Adirondack Canadian canoe trips. Riflery, mountaineering, nurses. 46th year. Box *2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.*

YOUNGER BOYS ONLY, 8-12. 50% discount second boy same family. Skills stressed for all land and water sports. Horses, tutoring. Southern Wisconsin. Day Cho Lah, 1430 Granville, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for 8th, 9th or 10th grade students. Combine a summer at camp with a chance to learn a new language . . . or polish one you already know . . . and live with a family abroad. Learn French in Vermont, speak it in Canada or France. Learn Spanish in Mexico, speak it there. For details, write: Language Camps, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

HIGH/SCOPE—*Coed, 12-17, arts, science. Become* working, contributing, decisive member of responsive community. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

THE ALOHA CAMPS, founded 1905, offer an individualized program for each camper. Located in Fairlee, Vermont. We offer a variety of activities—swimming, sailing, canoeing, arts and crafts, athletics, dramatics, ecology, mountain and canoe trips in the beautiful Green and White Mountains. 3 CAMPS: Aloha Hive-for Girls 7-12; Aloha Camp-for Girls 12-17; Lanakila-for Boys 7-14. WRITE: Edward W. Thode, Jr., Box 929, Hanover, N.H. 03755. Phone 603-643-3503.

VACATIONS

FAMILY CAMP WORKSHOP: at JOHNNY APPLESEED, a nonprofit, interracial camp in the Poconos, Pennsylvania. Nine days, August 29th through Labor Day. Reasonable, wholesome, creative vacation. Write: 50 Lincoln Avenue, Eastchester, N.Y. 10707.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

THOUSAND ISLANDS FAMILY VACATION, meals, congenial, reasonable. Brochure, McGarry, 45 Callingham, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. 716-467-2164.

EXCITING NORTH WOODS *meets man-made luxury* at resort lodge and motel. Swimming pool, golf. Excellent meals, cocktails. Airstrip adjoins. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

(Continued on page 64)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 63)

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS and 2nd Honeymoons. Unique 165-acre resort on Lake Champlain. Inn, Cottages, Heated Pool, Riding, Water Skiing, Sailing, Tennis (nearby Golf) AND Complete Programs, Separate Dining, Teens to Toddlers. Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 266, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean, ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

VACATION PLUS! For your Greatest-Ever Family Summer—Vacation, for a few days or many, in the clear, clean, mile-high air of Arizona's unique Prescott College. Mid-June to Labor Day. Attractive private unit dwellings on rolling, tree-covered 640 acre ranch-type campus. American, European Plan, moderate rates. Auditorium meeting rooms, conference facilities, conventions welcome; child care. PLUS—Sunny days, cool nights; spectacular scenery; swimming, tennis, golf, hiking, fishing; English, western riding instruction, roping, chuckwagon cookouts. One to three day trips to Grand Canyon, other unique Arizona points of interest. Write for brochure. Director, Western Resources, Prescott College, Prescott, Arizona 86301. Or phone: 602-445-3254, ext. 277.

HOTEL VILLA SAN JOSE. Reduced rates for writers and artists during spring and fall. Sylvia and Jack Fox, Apartado 162, Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico. Tel. 2-25-81.

WE'LL TRADE our four-color brochure for your name and address. High Hampton Inn and Country Club, Dept. S, Cashiers, North Carolina 28717. A mountain resort with superb scenery. 18-hole golf course. Tennis. Fishing. Lakes. Open early May through late October.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies. Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 10 days - $245. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

PEMAQUID BEACH, MAINE. Apartment rental. Douglas Moss, Aurora, New York 13026.

BOULDERS ON LAKE WARAMAUG—Inn, guest cottages in beautiful countryside. 250 acres, shore to woodland trails. Finest Yankee hospitality. June vacation special. The Lowes, New Preston, Connecticut 06777.

MAGNIFICENT ISOLATION, meaningful conversation, relaxed participation, memories to bless. Holden Village, Chelan, Washington 98816.

HEALTHFUL, EDUCATIONAL VACATIONING. Reducing, Rejuvenation, Recreation, Re-education, Delightful Foods, Beautiful Grounds, Wonderful Climate, Cooperative Employment Available. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND. Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Brochures. Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly-no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS. Unique small resort. Secluded. Old world atmosphere. English Hills Inn, Buchanan, Virginia 24066. 703-254-1593.

VACATIONS

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleep away or day. 1 counselor to 3 children. Pony. ADULTS: sailing, canoe trips, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, Dartmouth. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1931

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

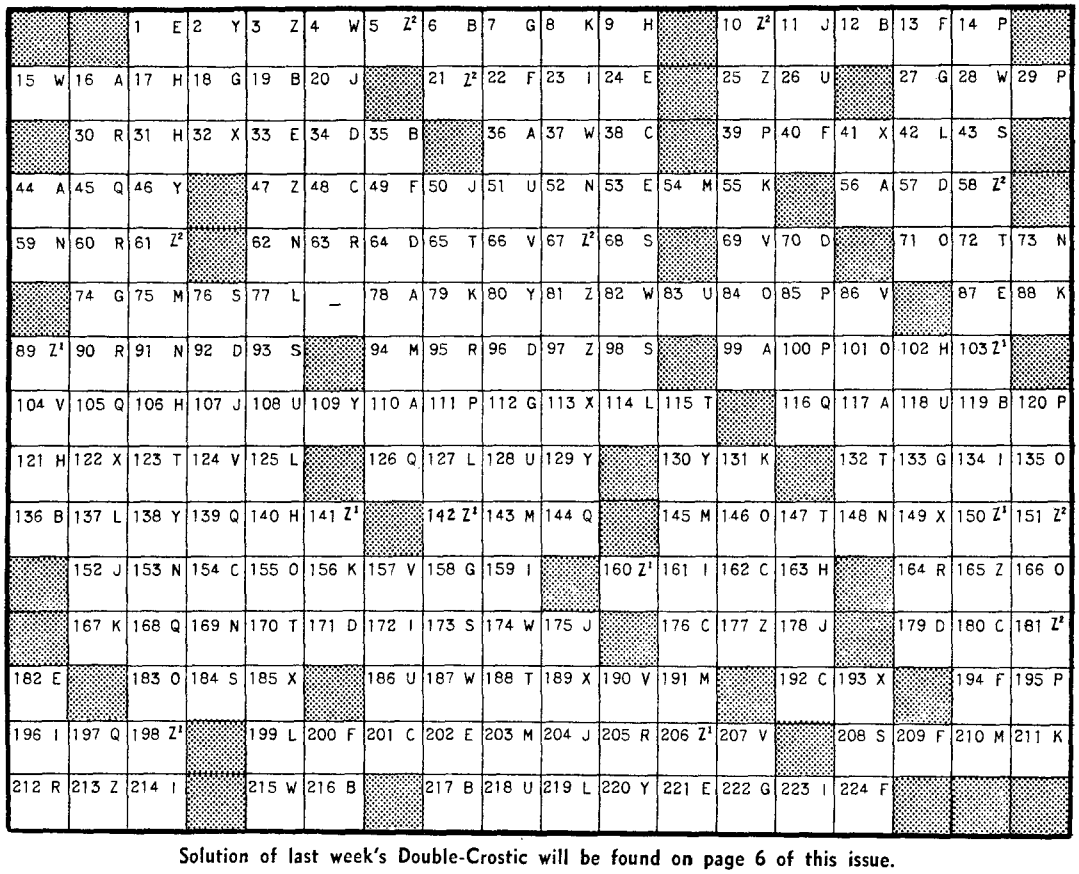
By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Iterative sound of beating, as of a drum	16 36 44 56 78 99 110 117
B. Extreme folly	119 136 216 217 6 12 19 35
C. Fit together compactly	38 48 154 162 176 180 192 201
D. Awesomeness	34 57 64 70 92 96 171 179
E. Thrilling, exciting, stirring	182 202 221 1 24 33 53 87
F. Lignite (2 wds.)	194 200 209 224 13 22 40 49
G. Sikorsky's field	74 222 7 18 27 112 133 158
H. The wolf in the "Reynard the Fox" fables (var. sp.)	163 9 17 31 102 106 121 140
I. "Erin, the tear and —— in thine eyes." (2 wds.; Moore, "Erin, the Tear")	159 161 172 23 134 196 214 223
J. Spouse, esp. wife	11 20 50 107 152 175 178 204
K. Atrociousness	8 55 79 88 156 167 211 131
L. He slew Zimri and Cozbi (Num. 25: 7-15)	199 219 77 114 125 127 137 42
M. Busy (3 wds.)	54 75 94 143 145 191 203 210
N. "He's —— of little things behind him!" (3 wds.; Kipling, "The Absent-Minded Beggar")	62 73 169 52 91 148 153 59
O. Quickly (3 wds.)	84 166 183 71 191 135 146 155

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. "Worth on foot, and rascals in ——." (2 wds.; Dryden, "Art of Poetry")	111 195 29 39 85 100 120 14
Q. Just begun	139 168 197 45 105 116 126 144
R. Hard cheese similar to cheddar	164 60 63 90 95 205 212 30
S. Condemn to punishment	68 93 173 76 98 184 208 43
T. Veterans (2 wds.)	147 170 65 72 123 188 132 115
U. General servant	26 128 218 83 108 118 51 186
V. Wall or enclosure, as of a fortified place	190 207 104 66 69 86 124 157
W. Friar, member of a large Franciscan order	174 187 4 82 15 28 215 37
X. Avoirdupois equivalent of 7000 grains (2 wds.)	113 189 32 122 149 41 193 185
Y. Da Ponte's contribution to "The Marriage of Figaro"	80 220 130 109 46 129 138 2
Z. The central point	25 3 47 177 165 81 213 97
Z^1 Characterized by new firmness or severity (comp.)	141 103 142 160 206 89 150 198
Z^2 Instrument for measuring the motion of an aircraft about its vertical axis	151 5 10 21 58 181 61 67

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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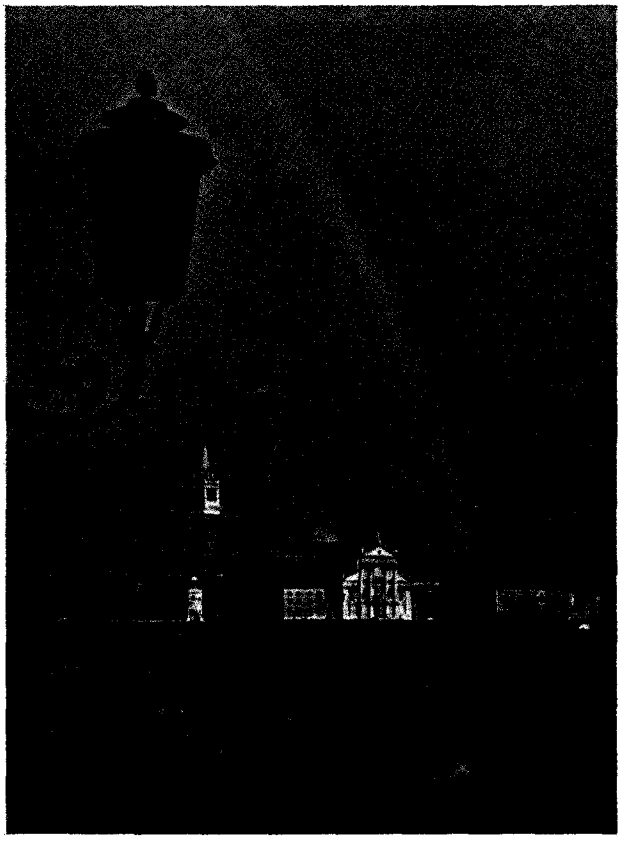

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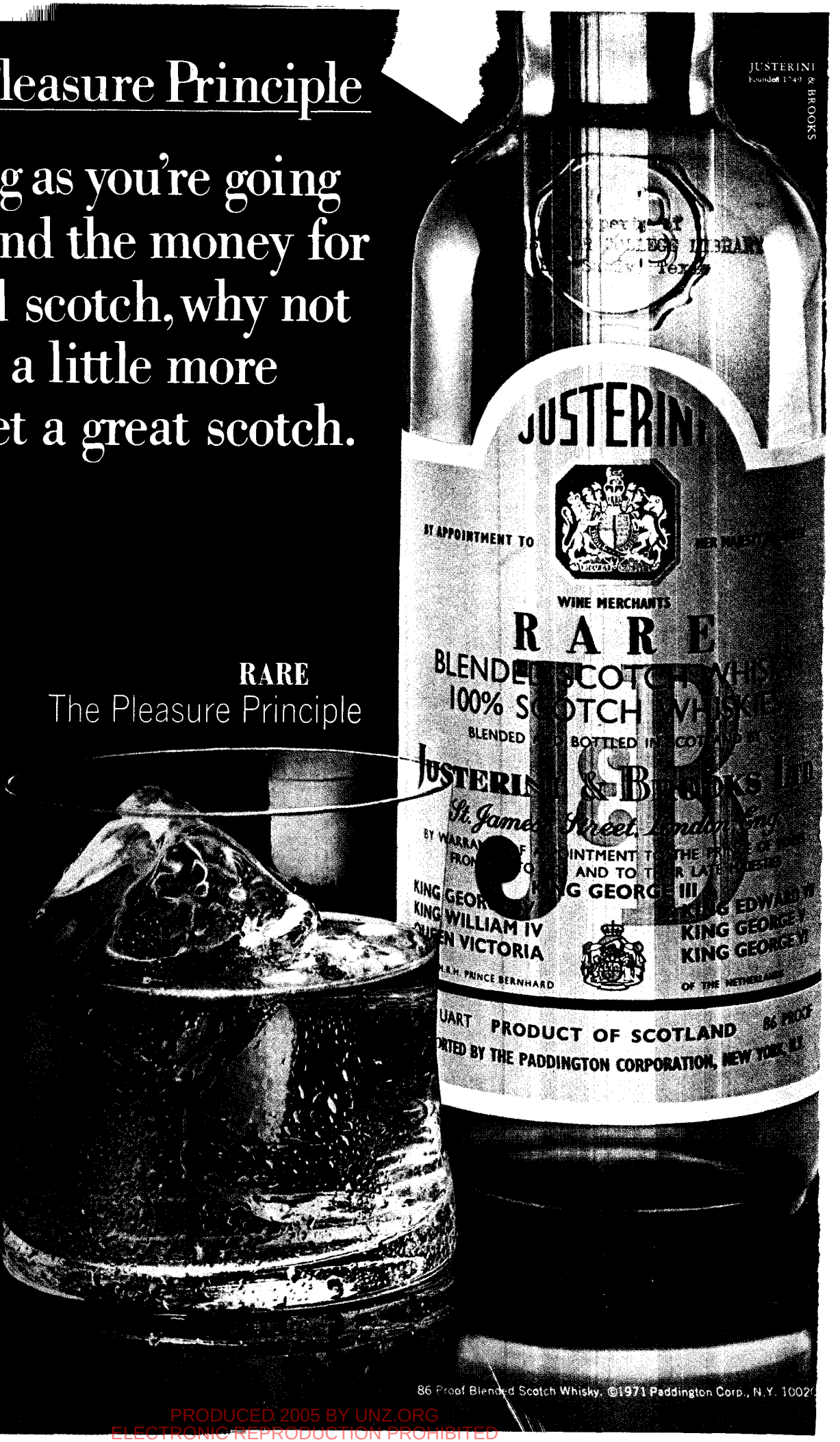

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